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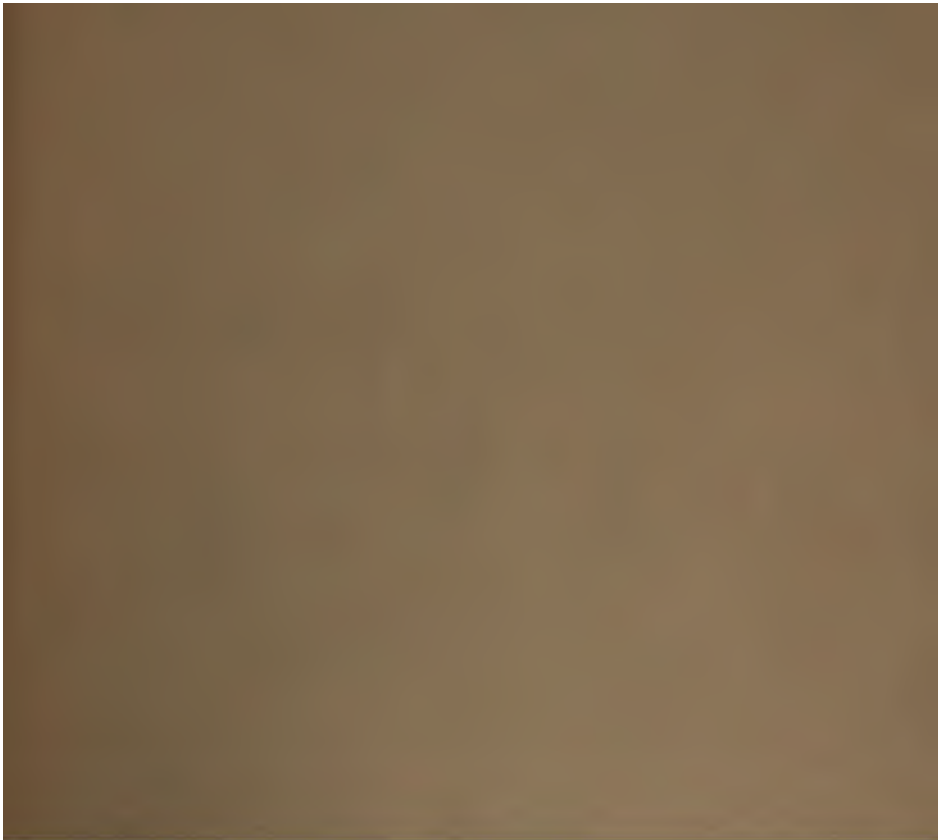
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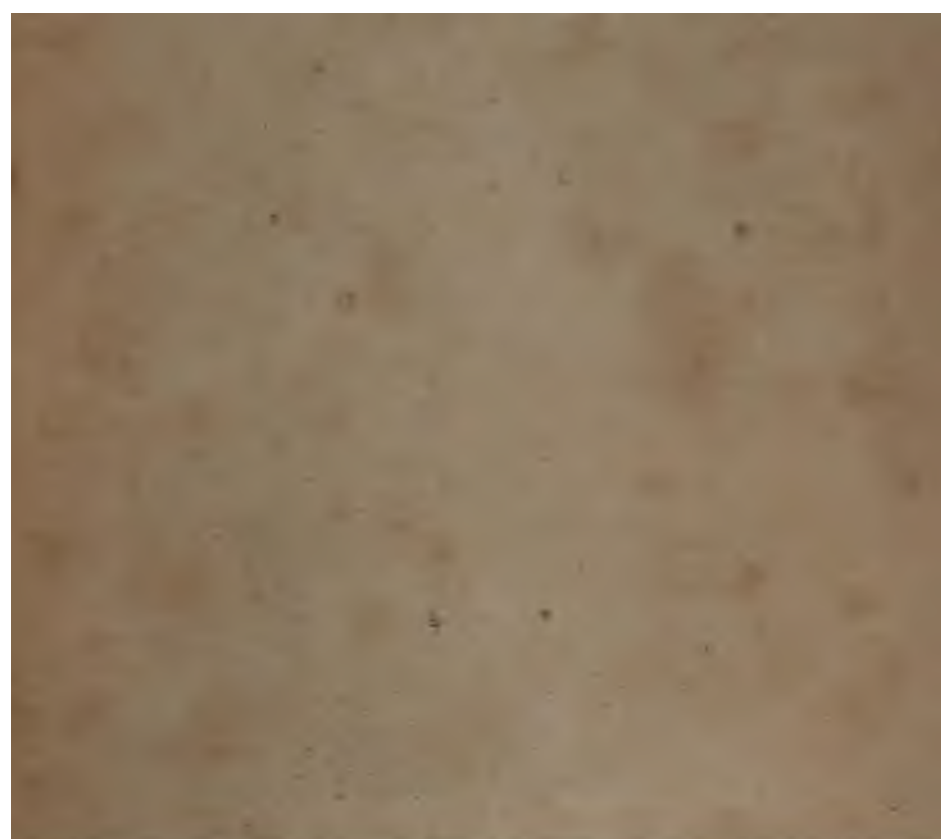
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SHAKESPEARE.

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WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET,
by Alexander Chalmers
AND
NOTES.

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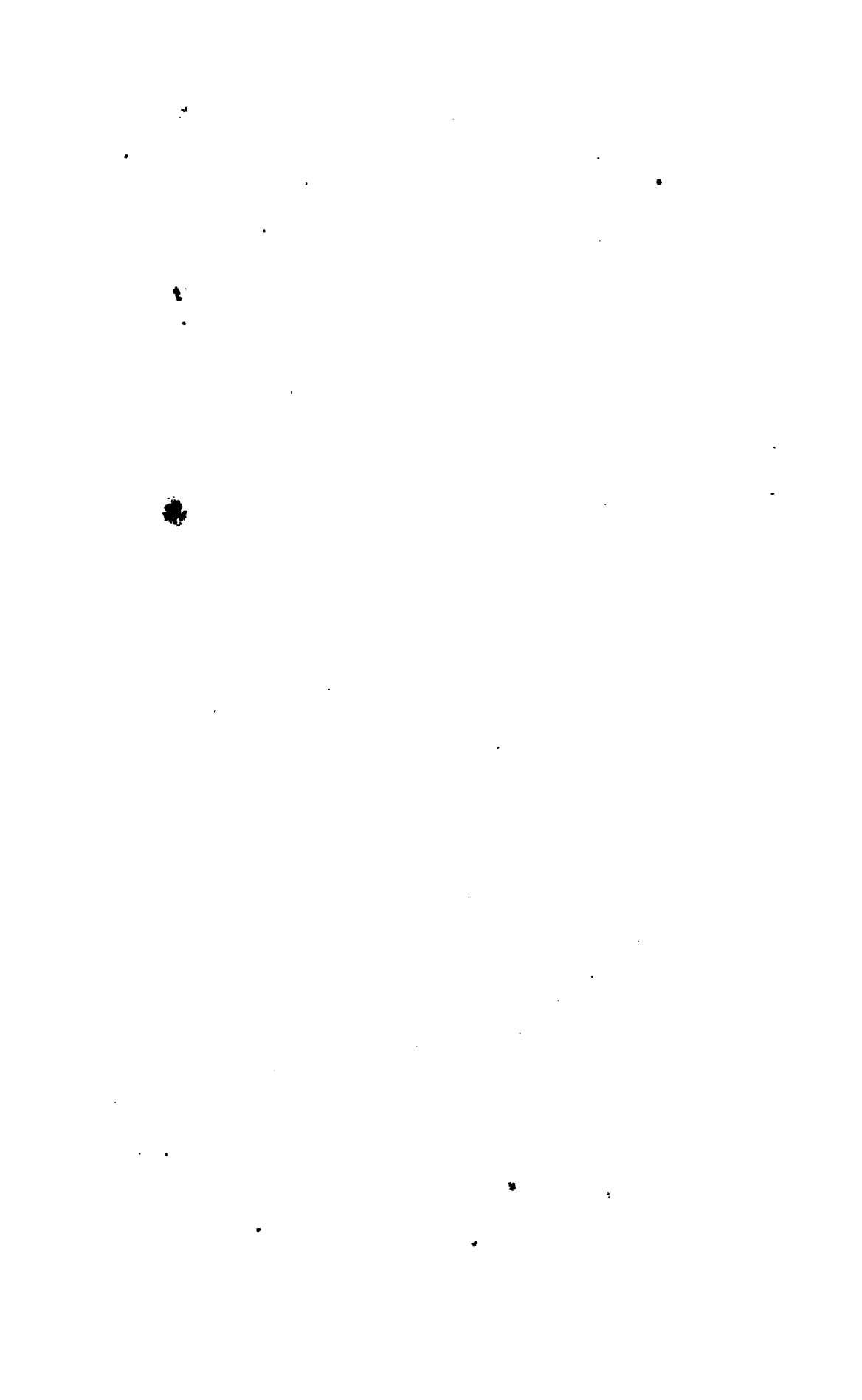
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SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says that by the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, it appears that his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion," in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen," an epithet which was more determinate then than at present, when it has become an unlimited phrase of courtesy. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer and bailiff (probably high-bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford. He held also the office of justice of the peace; and at one time, it is said, possessed lands and tenements to the amount of £500, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII. This, however, has been asserted upon very doubtful authority. There is no direct testimony to support it. But whatever may have been his former wealth, it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as we find, from the books of the Corporation, that, in 1579, he was excused the trifling weekly tax of fourpence levied on all the aldermen; and that, in 1586, another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office. It is even said by Aubrey, a man sufficiently accurate in facts, although credulous in superstitious narratives and traditions, that he followed for some time the occupation of a butcher, which Mr. Malone thinks not inconsistent with probability. It must have been, however, at this time, no inconsiderable addition to his difficulties that he had a family of ten children. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who is styled "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is very ancient, Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq., being in the list of the gentry of this country returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI., A. D. 1433. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of this country was anciently called *Ardern*, afterwards softened to *Arden*; and hence the name.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and received his early education, however narrow or liberal, at a free school, probably that founded at Stratford. From this he appears to have been soon removed, and placed, according to Mr. Malone's opinion, in the office of some country attorney, or the senechal of some manor court, where it is highly probable he picked up those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use, unless among professional men. Mr. Capell conjectures, that his early marriage prevented his being sent to some university. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education; and it is certain, that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, nay, and himself likewise, agree in his want of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of Shakspeare's illiterature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have left upon record every merit they could bestow on him; and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green;" and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewell, and others down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth.

In his eighteenth year, or perhaps a little sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy, or professional occupation at this time, we have no information; but it would appear that both were in a considerable degree neglected by his associating with a gang of deer-stealers. Being detected with them in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman, as to be obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, is said to have been exasperated by a ballad Shakspeare wrote, probably his first essay in poetry, of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys:—

A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
 He thinks himself greate,
 Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy be lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

These lines, it must be confessed, do no great honour to our poet: and probably were unjust; for although some of his admirers have recorded Sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," he was certainly exerting no very violent act of oppression, in protecting his property against a man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and had, at this time, bespoke no indulgence by superior talents. The ballad, however, must have made some noise at Sir Thomas's expense, as the author took care it should be affixed to his park gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbours.

On his arrival in London, which was probably in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house, to which idleness or taste may have directed him, and where his necessities, if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant. This is a menial whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story, communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in the life he wrote, that must a little retard the advancement of our poet to the office just mentioned. According to this story, Shakspeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But, "I cannot," says his acute commentator, Mr. Steevens, "dismiss this anecdote without observing, that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father, who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife, who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely, therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses for subsistence*." Mr. Malone has remarked, in his "attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage: for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Mr. Malone concurs in opinion, that this story stands on a very slender foundation, while he differs from Mr. Steevens as to the fact of gentlemen going to the theatre on horseback. With respect, likewise, to Shakspeare's father being "engaged in a lucrative business," we may remark, that this could not have been the case at the time our author came to London, if the preceding dates be correct. He is said to have arrived in London in 1586, the year in which his father resigned the office of alderman, unless, indeed, we are permitted to conjecture that his resignation was not the consequence of his necessities.

But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, although Mr. Rowe has not been able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the ghost in *Hamlet*. The instructions given to the player in that tragedy, and other passages of his works, show an intimate acquaintance with the skill of acting, and such as is scarcely surpassed in our own days. He appears to have studied nature in acting as much as in writing. But all this might have been mere theory. Mr. Malone is of opinion he was no great actor. The distinction, however, which he might obtain as an actor could only be in his own plays, in which he would be assisted by the novel appearance of author and actor combined. Before his time, it does not appear that any actor could avail himself of the wretched pieces represented on the stage.

Mr. Rowe regrets that he cannot inform us which was the first play he wrote. More skilful research has since found, that *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard II.* and *III.* were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old; there is also some reason to think that he commenced as a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, "*First Part of Henry VI.*," in 1589. His plays, however, must have been not only popular, but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain, that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage: and the particular and affectionate patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems of "*Venus and Adonis*," and his "*Tarquin and Lucrece*." On Sir William Davenant's authority, it has been asserted that this nobleman at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to complete a purchase. At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said, "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased, with his own hand, to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer with great probability supposes, that this letter was written by King James, in return for the compliment paid to him in *Macbeth*. The relater of this anecdote was Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. These brief notices, meagre as they are, may show that our author enjoyed high favour in his day. Whatever we may think of King James as a "learned prince," his patronage, as well as that of his predecessor, was sufficient to give celebrity to the founder of a new stage. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to suppose that Shakspeare was a man of humor, and a social companion, and probably excelled in that species of minor wit not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted has not been discovered, but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career he acquired a property in the theatre,¹ which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. His connection with Ben Jonson has been variously related. It is said, that when Jonson was unknown to the world, he offered a play to the theatre, which was rejected after a very careless perusal, but that Shakspeare having accidentally cast his eye on it, conceived a favorable opinion of it, and afterwards recommended Jonson and his writings to the public. For this candour he was repaid by Jonson, when the latter became a poet of note, with an envious disrespect. Jonson acquired reputation by the variety of his pieces, and endeavoured to arrogate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakspeare's incorrectness, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkably slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakspeare, of seldom altering or blotting out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, "that not long after the year 1600, a coolness arose between Shakspeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm, and many malevolent reflections." But from these, which are the commonly received opinions on this subject, Dr. Farmer is inclined to depart, and to think Jonson's hostility to Shakspeare absolutely groundless; so uncertain is every circumstance we attempt to recover of our great poet's life. Jonson had only one advantage over Shakspeare, that of superior learning, which might in certain situations give him a superior rank, but could never promote his rivalry with a man who attained the highest excellence without it. Nor will Shakspeare suffer by its being known, that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education; and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects.²

The latter part of Shakspeare's life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his "Letters and Essays," 1694) stated to amount to £300 per annum, a sum at least equal to £1000 in our days; but Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than £200 per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times, and it is supposed that he might have derived £200 per annum from the theatre while he continued on the stage.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh

¹ In 1603, he and several others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c., at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere.

² This was the practice in Milton's days. "One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the Church were permitted to act plays," &c. Johnson's Life of Milton

Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighborhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III., and Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VII. By his will, he bequeathed to his elder brother's son, his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq., and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser; who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion house, afterwards erected in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family. Here, in May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry tree by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister at law, was knighted by King George I., and died in the 80th year of his age, in December, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold *New Place* to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Litchfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the classic ground on which it stood. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where *New Place* stood is now a garden. Before concluding this history, it may be necessary to mention, that the poet's house was once honored by the temporary residence of Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. Theobald has given an inaccurate account of this, as if she had been obliged to take refuge in Stratford from the rebels; but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford triumphantly about the 22d of the same month, at the head of three thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, with one hundred and fifty wagons, and a train of artillery. Here she was met by Prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. She resided about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his granddaughter, Mrs. Nashe, and her husband.

Shakspeare died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had just completed his fifty-second year,³ and was buried on the north side of the

³ The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "he was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and adds, "verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant and smooth wit."

Lady Barnard's executor; and if any descendant of that gentleman be now living, in his custody they probably remain.

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker, (who received £300 for it) after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane theatre amounted to above £200, but the receipts at Covent Garden did not exceed £100.

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and if aught can be hereafter discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory and illustrate his writings. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be excepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contend eagerly, he may not be involved in controversy, and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakspeare's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that, while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest writer the world ever produced—"that he thought his works unworthy of posterity—that he levied no ideal tribute upon future times, nor had any farther prospect, than that of present popularity and present profit."⁴ And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the ease and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we allow it any higher merit, or attempt to decide upon the affection or neglect with which he reviewed his labours, it may be necessary to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character and predominant occupations of the times in which he lived, and of those which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his lifetime. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote them for a particular theatre, sold them to

⁴ Dr. Johnson's Preface.

the managers when only an actor, reserved them in manuscript when himself a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state; but we may suppose, that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear, therefore, that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he had made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the public at that time would have poorly rewarded. We know not the exact portion of fame he enjoyed: it was probably the highest which dramatic genius could confer; but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. His claims were probably not heard out of the jurisdiction of the master of the revels, certainly not beyond the metropolis. Yet such was Shakspeare's reputation, that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident in popular favour to undeceive the public. This was singular resolution in a man who wrote so unequally, that at this day, the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, and the sympathies of taste were seldom felt, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "*not being designed for the reader's desk*, was all that he desired it to be if it conveyed his meaning to the audience."

Shakspeare died in 1616; and seven years afterward appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charges of four booksellers, — a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, "that no single publisher was at that time willing to risk his money on a complete collection of our author's plays." This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers, Heminge and Condell, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. Heminge and Condell had now retired from the stage; and, we may suppose, were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance, which will, in our days, appear very extraordinary, namely, the declension of Shakspeare's popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was accounted a doubtful speculation; and it is yet more certain, that so much had the public taste turned from him in quest of variety, that for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century, they were made to give place to per-

formances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period, only four editions of his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not popular; nor is it thought that the impressions were numerous.

These circumstances which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career; but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than of his contemporaries, let us recollect that his genius, however highly and justly we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration, either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of morality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral purposes, that the force of law has, in all ages, been called in to preserve it within the bounds of common decency. The Church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, in the forty-first year of her reign, it is ordered, that no plays be printed, except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer also remarks, that in that age, poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the puritans. The main transactions, indeed, of that period, could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign to render it so firmly established in popular favour as to brave the caprice of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected, in a great measure, by the diffusion of religious controversy, which was encouraged by the Church, and especially by the puritans, who were the immediate teachers of the lower classes, were listened to with veneration, and usually inveighed against all public amusements, as inconsistent with the Christian profession. These controversies continued during the reign of James I., and were, in a considerable degree, promoted by him, although he, like Elizabeth, was a favourer of the stage, as an appendage to the grandeur and pleasures of the court. But the commotions which followed in the unhappy reign of Charles I., when the stage was totally abolished, are sufficient to account for the oblivion thrown on the history and works of our great bard. From this time, no inquiry was made, until it was too late to obtain any information more satisfactory, than the few hearsay scraps and contested traditions above detailed. "How little," says Mr. Steevens, "Shakspeare was once read, may be understood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of *King Lear*, speaks of the original as an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of the *Tatler* having occasion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from D'Avenant's alteration of that celebrated drama, in

which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted."^a

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions that he was then become "a little obsolete." In the beginning of the last century, Lord Shaftesbury complains of his "rude, unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase and wit." It is certain, that for nearly a hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles II.'s time, and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, "that if he had been read, admired, studied, and imitated, in the same degree as he is now, the enthusiasm of some one or other of his admirers in the last age would have induced him to make some inquiries concerning the history of his theatrical career, and the anecdotes of his private life."^b

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls, "Some Account," &c. In this we have what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected in the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, who, in other parts of their respective editions, have scattered a few brief notices which we have incorporated in the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is nowhere before us; and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, it is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

Mr. Capell is of opinion, that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be supposed that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a mute spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted, a degree of confidence with these two statesmen, which he ought first to have proved. Shakspeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hours; but it is mere conjecture that they admitted him into the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit, thinks that his prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same cadence, the same elegance and vigor, which we find in his plays. It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakspeare's manuscript is known to exist, and his prose writings are nowhere hinted at. We have only printed copies of his plays and poems, and those so depraved by carelessness or ignorance, that all the labour of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to a probable purity.

^a Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to the Reader, first printed in 1773.

^b Mr. Malone's Preface to his edition, 1790.

Many of the greatest difficulties attending the perusal of them yet remain, and will require, what it is scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity and more happy conjecture than have hitherto been employed.

Mr. Malone says, that "from the year 1716 to the date of his edition in 1790,—that is, in seventy-four years—above 30,000 copies of Shakspeare have been dispersed through England." Among the honours paid to his genius, we ought not to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs. Boydell. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakspeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performance.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit or policy to despise it.* It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751, a book was published, entitled, "A Compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in those our days: which, although they are in some Parte unjust and frivolous, yet aro they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by William Shakspeare, Gentleman." This had been originally published in 1581; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved that *W. S., gent.*, the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant *William Stafford, gent.* Theobald, the same accurate critic informs us, was desirous of palming upon the world a play called "Double Falsehood," for a posthumous one of Shakspeare. In 1770 was reprinted at Feversham, an old play called "The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham and Black Will," with a preface attributing it to Shakspeare without the smallest foundation. But these were trifles compared to the atrocious attempt made in 1795–6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters, &c., pretendedly in the handwriting of Shakspeare and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled *Vortigern*, was not only brought forward for the astonishment of the admirers of Shakspeare, but actually performed on Drury Lane stage. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play, which Mr. Steevens has very happily characterized as "the performance of a madman without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future critics and historians may derive considerable information.

* Mr. Malone has given a list of fourteen plays ascribed to Shakspeare, either by the editors of the two later folios, or by the compilers of ancient catalogues. Of these, *Pericles* has found advocates for its admission into his works.

THE TEMPEST.

VOL. I.—2

(17)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONZO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the Rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } *Spirits*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE. *The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you

have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro.

Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira.

O, wo the day!

Pro.

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira.

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro.

'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,

To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
 This king of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
 Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
 (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point, the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that his coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leaped; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou must give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;—
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honored with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

Ari.

Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence, with diligence.

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.]

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro.

So, slave, hence!

[*Exit* CALIBAN.]

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing.*

FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst'ied when you have, and kissed,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly, here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!*

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*]

The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*]

*Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden, ding-dong.*
*Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.**

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, *[Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples; he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight *[Aside.*
They have changed eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning *[Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—*[To FERD.]*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. *[He draws.]*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [To FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again;
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[To FERD. and MIRA.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of wo
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and
by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertained, that's offered,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer
than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you've payed.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss:
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir—?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
[*ALONZO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earthed,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrowned.

Ant. O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high in hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, e'er they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant.

Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb.

O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his projects die, to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king.

[*They awake.*]

Alon. Why, how now! ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon.

What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon.

I heard nothing

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake; sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon.

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon.

Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness;—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. —What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea;
Here shall I die ashore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune, too: But here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.*

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.*

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth:

this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? *

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.*

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;
Most busiless, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, my own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.——Hear my soul speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Se. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, will I supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further,—Come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First, to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen: (save our graces!) and Trinculo and
thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*]

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em:
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the pic-
ture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and, after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the island.*

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night:

For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb.

I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible.

*Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet;
they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant.

I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the island,)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pro.

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

[*Aside.*

Alon.

I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro.

Praise in departing.

[*Aside.*

Fran. They vanished strangely.

Seb.

No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon.

Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, by quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:
[*Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valor, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: but, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*]

Gon. I' the name o' something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathely,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come* and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *So, so*;

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit.]

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heat betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down.
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your saged crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straws hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [To the Spirits.] Well done; — avoid; —
no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO; all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly;
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye, thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove which weather-fends your cell:
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-ful of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, *the good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimmed
The noon-tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Met roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers: oped and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONZO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.—
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, ever sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinched for't, now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit ARIEL.*]
I will dis-case me, and myself present,

As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance than a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor cannot
Be measured, or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb.

The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

Pro.

No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon.

If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro.

I am wo for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro.

I rather think,

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon.

You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon.

A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoever you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
 This cell's my court: here have I ~~few~~ attendants,
 And subjects none abroad: pray ~~you~~, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND
 and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
 I have cursed them without cause.

[*Kneels to ALON.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
 And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
 But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
 I chose her, when I could not ask my father
 For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
 Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have
 Received a second life, and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro.

There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden ~~our~~ remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gon.

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon.

Give me your hands:

[*To FER. and MIRA.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon.

Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari.

Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro.

My tricky spirit!

[*Aside.*

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapped under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awaked; straightway at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Capering to eye her; On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? } [*Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
 (Which to you shall seem probable) of every
 These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
 [*Aside.*

Set Caliban and his companions free:
 Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious sir?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
 take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio,
 bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
 here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
 How fine my master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
 What things are these, my lord Antonio?
 Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 Then say, if they be true:—This misshapen knave,
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
Last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones, I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel, — chick, —
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — [*Aside.*] Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

(73)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*

PANTHIO, *Servant to Antonio.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE. *Sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on
the frontiers of MANTUA.*

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu:
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro.

What?
(75)

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[Exit VALENTINE.]

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already;
And I have played the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,
and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep
the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks
not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shep-
herd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages follow-
est thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee:
therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost
mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for
carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir. I say she did nod: and you
ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together,
take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore:— I must go send some better messenger; I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from
Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be returned;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile:
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask permission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were:

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were as angered with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind *Julia*!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*;—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was *Proteus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see,
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Antonio's House.**Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart:
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish;
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and PANT.]

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning;
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned:
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not:—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor;
And so, good-morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the
letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to
yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you per-
ceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.*

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my
victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your
mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.**Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.[*Giving a ring.*]*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming: answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;[*Exit* JULIA.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.*Enter* PANTHINO.*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *The same. A Street.**Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a dog.**Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping;
all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have
received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am
going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think,
Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my
mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our
maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house
in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed
one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no
more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to
have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes,
look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show
you the manner of it: This shoe is my father:—no, this
left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;

— nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:— no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog;— oh, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:— now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;— well, I kiss her;— why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: And the tide! — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.**Sil.* Servant —*Val.* Mistress?*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my mistress then.*Speed.* 'Twere good you knocked him.*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?*Val.* Haply I do.*Thu.* So do counterfeits.*Val.* So do you.*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?*Val.* Wise.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.*Thu.* How?*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.*Val.* You have said, sir.*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.*Sil.* Who is that, servant?*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as myself ; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe ;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time a while :
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it :

I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.]

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-
mended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now:

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val.

Ay, and we are betrothed;

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords: and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed;
Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady, too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master has become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinned,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken:
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;

Myself in counsel, his competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who,—all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. Verona. *A room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
 And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honor, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill favored.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeased, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Anteroom in the Duke's Palace.**Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit THURIO.*

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favors

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determined to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;

And oftentimes have purposed to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
 And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
 And where I thought the remnant of mine age
 Should have been cherished by her childlike duty,
 I now am full resolved to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in:
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
 Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
 (For long ago I have forgot to court:
 Besides, the fashion of the time is changed:)
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to beget more love in you:

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:

For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promised by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*]

My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbor where their lord should be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son,)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favors
 Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
 To die, is to be banished from myself;
 And Silvia is myself; banished from her,
 Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection:
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find! there's not a hair on's head,
 But 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the news—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this wo already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit
to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one,
if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me
to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall
not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis
a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself: and yet
'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gos-
sips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves
for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,
—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log
[*pulling out a paper*] of her condition. Imprimis, *She can
fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a
horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better
than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue
in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your
mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What
news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this; Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grand-
mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There: and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, — Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast:
Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down

she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it; The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. *And more faults than hairs—*

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why did'st not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters? [Exit.

Laun. Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she has despised me most, Forsworn my company, and railed at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter..

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity;
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest, near Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard will we; for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;

A man I am, crossed with adversity:

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I killed a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.—
 But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly:
 I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
 you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace; let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Sylvia? What is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

*The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.*

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

*Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THU. and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows;
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed: And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber,
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and SILVIA from above.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost
day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come, to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.

Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will

I bear unto the banished Valentine;

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorred.

Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,

No grief did ever come so near thy heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
 I give consent to go along with you;
 Recking as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
 Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says

the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!

[*To LAUNCE.*

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame. [*Exit LAUNCE.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behavior:
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks that she loved you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary:

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTEUS*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good-will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger!)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith which I would have dispraised; —

I am my master's true, confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,

And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colored periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored:
And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That used me so; or else by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes; Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
 I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she:
But, being masked, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.
2 Out. Come, bring her away.
1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjured Proteus:
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergone for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

ACT V.] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me. —
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest: —
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring
to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see: why, this is the ring I gave to
Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook: this is the
ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.]

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 't is true: O heaven! were
man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close?

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,

Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,

To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*

MR. FORD, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
MR. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*

DR. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } *Followers of Falstaff.*
PISTOL, }
NYM, }

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with Fenton.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE. Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. *Before Page's House.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies — love.

Shal. The luse is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pe'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this;—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca*, *pauca*; slice! that's my humor.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, *marry, trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hooks humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then, too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, *with wine*; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE *following*.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her*.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLENDER, and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender; I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command

to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, — I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; — his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne: — Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne!

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man: — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slender. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: — You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: — but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: — give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to

solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. *[Exit Host.]*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[Exit BARD.]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh: a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about

thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyelids: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor; here, take the humor-letter: I will keep the 'havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to ROB.*] bear you these letters tightly; sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humor of this age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Dr. Caius's House.*

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

Sim. Ay, for a fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune? Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — *and down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a-green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Dépeché;* quickly: — Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take a-your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: — Od's me! *Qu'ay oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, that I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? — Villany? *La rron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-awhile. [Writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Annie's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor

knows more of Annie's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman: how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's House.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counselor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in his fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford: He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels: O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night: Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.— Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit PISTOL.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [*To PAGE.*] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors; I should have borne the humored letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu! I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit NYM.*]

Page. The humor of it, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good, sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [Aside to MRS. FORD.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow mine host, I follow. — Good even, and twenty good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook? [*They go aside.*]

Shal. Will you [*To PAGE*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and I think he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. — Will you go, Cavaliers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: — I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt HOST, SHAL. and PAGE.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me: I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,——

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well:—But I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: Has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

[*Enter BARDOLPH.*]

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would

fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something imboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance;

engrossed opportunities to meet her; feed every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse; of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend them-

selves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me; What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is

an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater; vat is dat.

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Sten. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [Sings.

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—*

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals ;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow——*

Sim. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, —and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slén. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder; here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinalls about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diab!e!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. —Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slén. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well: he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our

prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles: — Pray you, follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader; Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There's such a league between my good man and he! — Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; — I am sick, till I see her.
[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the

wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak off.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knights Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly! quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames's side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John has come in at your back door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit* MRS. PAGE.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—
[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone forever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed: call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame; never stand, *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; — follow your friend's counsel: — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford: — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! *[Exit ROBIN; Re-enter Servants.]* Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. — How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]* Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox: — Let me stop this way first: — So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. *[Exit.]*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humors, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. *[Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.]*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not what pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace: — You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; — I promised you a dinner: — Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to

breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Sten. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favored faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Sten. I had a father, mistress Anne; — my uncle can tell you good jests of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Sten. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Sten. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Sten. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Sten. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Sten. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender: — Love him, daughter Anne. —

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house :
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master
Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you
cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on
master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night give
my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart
he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such
a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress
Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I
would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them
all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my
word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of
another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses:
What a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.**Fal.* Bardolph, I say —*Bard.* Here, sir.*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.
[*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.**Bard.* Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.*Bard.* Come in, woman.*Enter MRS. QUICKLY.**Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.*Fal.* Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.*Bar.* With eggs, sir?*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.[*Exit BARDOLPH.*] How now?*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a

birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir!

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook! you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed into a basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his

hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. Williams, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, *od's nouns*.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, — *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo, — horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kœ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kœs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit SIR HUGH.*]
Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. *[Exit FALSTAFF.]*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[Exit.]

Re-enter Mrs. Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, despatch. *[Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen face; hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah. *[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity, let me forever be your table sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman is that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; — good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her: — Out of my door, you witch! [beats him] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow? see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little further, Come, gentlemen. [Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir: I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the
park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and
has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there
should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks
his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will
belike a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and
fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit MRS. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
 [Exit.]

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thin *Ephesian*, calls.

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend my chambers are honorable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell. What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *[Exit SIMPLE.]*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my

trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: Adieu. [Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my mind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to hear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the
least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[Showing the letter.]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.

Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:—
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be masked and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father, or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go. —I'll hold:
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers.
Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either
in nativity, chance, or death. —Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can
to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and
mince. [Exit MRS. QUICKLY.]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be
known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about mid—
night, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor—
old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor—
old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the
finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever
governed frenzy. I will tell you. —He beat me grievously,
in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master
Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I
know, also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with
me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese,
played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to
be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange
things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be
revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. —
Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good, too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.**Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.**Enter* FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O—omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away!

Mrs. Page. } [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr*; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brothers and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face.]

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee; }
Fairies use flowers for their charactery. }

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order
set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he
transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!

Fie on lust and luxury!

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire.

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villany;

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.*

*During this song the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius
comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender
another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton
comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of
hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.
Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD. They
lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watched you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius's wife.

[*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo? ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *Budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit CAIUS.]*

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

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Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.* —

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*
CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE. *A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor. — Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. — How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

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The element itself, till seven years heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath killed the flock of all affections else
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
 (Her sweet perfections) with one self king!—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. *Illyria, lady.*

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
 Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number saved with you,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
 Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtracters, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano volto; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I

had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair!

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you.—Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandoned to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company:—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colors.*

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.——God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madam.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set of kind fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with

a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned; go, look after him.

Olo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak to you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so : and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil ; come, throw it o'er my face ; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me ; I shall answer for her : Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence come you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest

assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little longer.
— Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.

[*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was, this presents:—Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him; let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [~~Exit~~]

Oli. What is your parentage?
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.*—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft! ~~so~~!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service ~~and~~.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [~~Exit~~]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [~~Exit~~]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court; farewell. *[Exit.]*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 Else would I very shortly see thee there:
 But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!

She made good view of me; indeed so much,
 That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man.—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [J

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say, a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass; now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent the sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when 'tis done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,*

*That can sing both high and low :
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a staff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. —
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rous
the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of
one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch. —

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace*, thou knave, knight? I shall be co—
strained in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained on— e
to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace* —

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a cate—*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If — y
lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid hi— m
turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio —'s
a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men we be.* Am not — I
consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valle — y,
lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing—*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos—
and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do —
more natural.

Sir To. *O the twelfth day of December,—*

[*Singing—*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself from your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with

him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. Thé devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once, too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO. — Music.*]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
 For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
 Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musio.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true-love never find my grave,
 To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt* CURIO and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio.

'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so: Must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be called appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio.

Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke.

And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
 Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
 FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let
 me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly
 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out
 of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we
 will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my
 nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's
 coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun,
 practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour:
 observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know, this letter
 will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name
 of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there;
 [*throws down a letter;*] for here comes the trout that must
 be caught with tickling. [Exit MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told
 me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus

near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day bed, where I left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—*

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!
—*No man must know;*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me!—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio;—*M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bend-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a Tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lives by a beggar, if a

beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit ; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man ?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton : But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man ?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir ; I do care for something : but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, sir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings ; the husband's the bigger ; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard ?

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar ; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir.

I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odors!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odors, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess!

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment;
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solieit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a guise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the
count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I
saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! Will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before
Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you do hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad: some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened; and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. — I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you,
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town.

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your l

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant.

'Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Ereunt.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begged, or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your lady-

ship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's

is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity*;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to*: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—what can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.—ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than even proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will I not deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not: it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well,
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; o
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not
but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter,
attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare
in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and
deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel
to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any
image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore,
if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard;
for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and
on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl:
souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incense-
ment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can
be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,
is his word; giv't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some
conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of
some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to
taste their valor: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit SIR TOBY.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuckin, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't: an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

[*To SIR ANDREW.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be called deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll
 whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
 Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
 In favor was my brother; and he went
 Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
 For him I imitate; O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward
 than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend
 here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship,
 ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not.

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for
 you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith!—No, I do not know you;
 Nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak
 with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is
 not my nose neither. Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
 Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some
 great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I
 am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.
 —I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what

I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. *[Striking SEBASTIAN.]*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad! *[Beating SIR ANDREW.]*

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. *[Exit Clown.]*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. *[Holding SEBASTIAN.]*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. *[Draws.]*

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. *[Draws.]*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Radesby, be gone:—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thoud'st be ruled by
me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard;
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it
quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't;
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a
gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor
lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said,
an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to
say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors
enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a
niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being mas-
ter parson, am master parson. For what is that, but that?
and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say;—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio
the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man?
talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir
Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in
hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY and MARIA.]

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*

Tell me how thy lady does.

[*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries Ah, ha! to the devil;
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now, go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep,
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:——and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak

with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his do I remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him. — What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her freight, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
 (No interim, not a minute's vacancy.)
 Both day and night, did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! To perverseness? You uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
 That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
 Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
 That sometimes savors nobly?—But hear me this:
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your favor,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself! Is it so long!—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a cox-comb, and a knave? A thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt Clown, SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too.
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Now are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[To VIOLA—

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clow. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do; he has here
writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it
skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clow. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers
the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness; an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savers not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you [To VIOLA]; and, for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
 And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favor;
 Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
 That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character:
 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
 This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him: Maria writ
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
 In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was followed,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 If that the injuries be justly weighed,
 That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—
By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.—But do you remember?
Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's gagged: And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
 e hath not told us of the captain yet;
 hen that is known, and golden time convents,
 solemn combination shall be made
 our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister,
 e will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
 or so you shall be, while you are a man;
 at, when in other habits you are seen,
 csario's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

lo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken head,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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VOL. I.—17

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the Deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }

A Justice.

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*

MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. ESCALUS,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touche~~d~~,
 But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise:
 Hold, therefore. — Angelo,
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary:
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a leavened and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
 How it goes with us; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
 With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
 So to enforce or qualify the laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
 I'll privily away; I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then, all the
dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of
Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped
one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the
captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth
to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanks-
giving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays
for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think, thou never wast where
grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all
controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked
illain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, seignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'Tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? What's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes seignior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers: LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would
send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth,
I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality
of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.
[Takes him aside.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chanced,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armor, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle
on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may
sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends'
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposi-
tion, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll
to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
 I have delivered to lord Angelo
 (A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
 And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
 For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
 And so it is received: now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
 And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
 Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
 For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo imposed the office;
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the sight,
 To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure, shall I render you;
 Only, this one:—lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true

I would not, — though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus =
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow bring
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! What poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: go to lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost, Officers,
and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people
 in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in
 common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? And what's
 the matter?

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's con-
 stable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir,
 and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious
 benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they?
 are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they
 are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and
 void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians
 ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your
 name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clow. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that
 serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say,
 plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-
 house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honor,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To ANGELO.*]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honor's reverence) for stewed prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in a dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then:—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less; good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit ANGLO.*]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman do to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To FROTH.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the Clown.*]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell.

[Exit FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

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Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they

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are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*]
What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure: may be, he will relent: alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost.

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honor's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honor. [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome:

What's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor!

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him: [*Retiring.*]

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To ISABELLA.

Isab. Too late? why, no: I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipped like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [Aside.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare
him!

He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
 Who is it that hath died for this offence?
 There's many have committed it.

Lucio.

Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
 Those many had not dared to do that evil,
 If the first man that did the edict infringe,
 Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
 Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
 (Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
 And so in progress to be hatched and born,)
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But, where they live, to end.

Isab.

Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
 Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
 And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Lucio.

That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
 Merciful Heaven!
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
 Than the soft myrtle:—But man, proud man!
 Dressed in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
 As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
 He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov.

Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
 Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them!
 But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advised o' that? More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! Bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with
you.

Lucio. You had marred all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to ISABEL.*

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honor!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigor, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite;—ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how! [*Exit*—]

SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Duke, habited like a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: what's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them; and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful. —

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
 Hath blistered her report: she is with child;
 And he that got it, sentenced;—a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

* *Duke.* When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
 I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To JULIET.*
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now: who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
 Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*]
 O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all the other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wished king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please
 me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honor! [*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
 As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
 Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
 To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen.
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made,
 As to put mettle in restrained means,
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compelled sins
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself! as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
 What would you do.

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were, a brother died at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die forever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slandered so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
 Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant;
 And rather proved the sliding of your brother
 A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
 To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
 I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
 If not a feodary, but only he,
 Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail, too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
 And from this testimony of your own sex,
 (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
 Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
 I do arrest your words: Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one, (as you are well expressed
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! Little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world,
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will belive thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: as for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope for pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Serve to all the skyey influences,)—
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
 But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:
 And seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, seignior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed,

Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:

Therefore your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, my dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he, for the momentary trick,
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair?
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

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Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*
Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true: therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to contend this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in

Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. — Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing on this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible

obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

§ *Duke.* It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, as a friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, Heavens! What stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsor allowed, by order of law, a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir;—bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: what offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: do thou but think,

What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir,
I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him
warning; the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be
a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go
a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and
a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of
Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of
Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman, to be had now, for
putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched?
What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter,
and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha?
What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man?
Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how?
The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! Still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Pro-
cures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she
is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be
so—ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An
unshunned consequence; it must be so: art going to prison,
Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say,
I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the

due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? Nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go;

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad, fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the down-right way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him:—some that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice: that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man?

Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? Not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clackdish: the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; and let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be looked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: therefore, you speak unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you

imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this; canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honor.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer it may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may likeness, made in crimes,
 Mocking, practise on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' stings
 Most ponderous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply:
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed, but despised;
 So disguise shall, by the disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

[~~E~~it.

 ACT IV.
SCENE I. *A Room in Mariana's House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

*Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 bring again,
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
 sealed in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick awa~~ys~~;
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.— [*Exit Bo*~~y~~.

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical;

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—

My mirth is much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after. I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome!—How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Cl. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be
a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut
off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a
direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and
Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner,
who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you
to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not,
you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your

deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me

yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.*—Provost goes out—]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste—
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this
Further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article
Of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good
Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon, purchased by such sin;

[Aside.]

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord Angelo, belike, thinking me re-
miss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting
On; methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. *[Reads.]* *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary,*
Let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the
afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me
have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly per-
formed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we
must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you
will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed
in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You

know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Capar, at the suit of master Three-pile, the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and mas-

ter Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they

shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color: what if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio; ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home;
 And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
 To enter publicly: him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount,
 A league below the city; and from thence,
 By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
 We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
 For I would commune with you of such things,
 That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel;—she's come to know
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
 But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
 To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
 When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
 His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
 Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company.
At Mariams's house to-night. Her cause and yours—
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio.

Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke.

Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine
and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill
my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't; but they say
the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I
loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark cor-
ners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your
reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do:
he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell
thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir,
if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it;
they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you
well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if
bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay,
friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.**Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.**Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?*Escal.* I guess not.*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
 And dull to all proceeding. A deflowered maid!
 And by an eminent body, that enforced
 The law against it!—But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her?—no:
 For my authority bears a credent bulk,
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have lived!
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonored life,
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had lived!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town.**Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.**Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.[*Giving letters.*—]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter.

It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit Friar.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari.

Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab.

O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and the gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.*
Enter, at opposite doors, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO,
ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
 And rasure of oblivion: give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
 You must walk by us on our other hand;—
 And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before
 him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard,
 Upon a wronged, I'd fain have said, a maid!
 O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be
 brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
 Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believed,
 Or wring redress from you; hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—poor soul
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the faults, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio

As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wished to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter;
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible, intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborned against his honor,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her:—shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of!

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: upon his mere request

(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoe'er he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and

MARIANA comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this lord Angelo?—
O Heaven! The vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke.

Are you a maid?

Mari.

No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari.

Neither, my lord.

Duke.

Why, you

Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord:

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knew Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman:
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else forever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! Think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [Exit Duke.
Seignior Lucio, did you not say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing,
but in his clothes; and one that has spoke most villanous
speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a
notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [To an
Attendant.] I would speak with her; pray you, my lord,
give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be
ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the Duke, in the friar's
habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way, for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; [*To ISABELLA.*] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be sometimes honored for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and he will hear you speak;
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—but, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—we'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose:—what! unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew; laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, seignior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him:—Let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir; why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! You must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Wilt not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the friar and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

[*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—sir, by your leave:

[*To ANGELO.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana;—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudged your brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
 Thereon dependent for your brother's life,)
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
 Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:
 We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste;—
 Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband:
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choke your good to come; for his possessions,
 Although by confiscation they are ours,
 We do instate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labor;
 Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To LUCIO.*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
 Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
 Hold up your hands; say nothing; I'll speak all.
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad: so may my husband.
 O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab.

Most bounteous sir,

[*Kneeling.*]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari.

Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov.

It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov.

Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke.

What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov.

This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA,*] for
his sake
Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather
it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke;
good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. —
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! — Love her, Angelo;
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more grate. —
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place: —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favorite to Don Pedro.*

BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favorite likewise of Don Pedro.*

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } *two foolish Officers.*
VERGES, }

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE. Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leonato. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; eved so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is seignior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means seignior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax seignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt seignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Dón Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others,
DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good seignior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Seignior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! For you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If seignior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, seignior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain!—are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as seignior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—but it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue;

and so good a continuer : but keep your way o' God's name ; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all : Leonato, — seignior Claudio, and seignior Benedick, — my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord ; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of seignior Leonato ?

Bene. I noted her not ; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ? Or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? Or do you play the flouting Jack ; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song ?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband ; have you ?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man; but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance: — he is in love. With who? — Now that is your grace's part. — Mark how short his answer is: — with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign, — *Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the mean time, good seignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy: and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it) —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

[*Exit BENEDICK.*]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir; Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your
son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell
you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good
cover; they show well outward. The prince and count

Claudio, walking in a thick-pleashed alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: — but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill: — good cousins, have a care this busy time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the goodjere, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man,

it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipped me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half seignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in seignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband: for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no*

place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*: — but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favor ; for God defend, the lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words ; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough ; you are seignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man : here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he ; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, — and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales* ; — Well, this was seignior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he ?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?

Bene. I pray you, what is he ?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester ; a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany ; for he both pleaseth men, and

angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

[*Music within.*

We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you seignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Seignior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. — But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! — Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. — Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, seignior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that I was duller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: you have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I can not endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come: you have lost the heart of seignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? Wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in the corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one,

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. —But I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry

best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. — Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your grace's pardon. *[Exit.]*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring seignior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you, too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopfullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick: — and I, with your two helps, will

so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavor any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio alone. Tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial. Offer them instances; which shall bear no less

likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding ; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Seignior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that :—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier ; and now is he turned orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well : another virtuous ; yet I am well : but till all the graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or

I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.
[*Withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord. The music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks:
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Music.]

Bene. Now, *divine air!* now is his soul ravished!—Is it
not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's
bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never;
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha! No; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry. [*To CLAUDIO.*]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and music.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with seignior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay.—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on seignior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I

would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him!*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper. — My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O! — When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet! —

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; — *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the

victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would

see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbor.*

Bene. This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured. They say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry;—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair;—'tis a truth; I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so; I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage;—but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No. The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, seignior; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner*;—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlor;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw ~~man~~
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, nor to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as seignior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; seignior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! And maiden pride, adieu?

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band.

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What, sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humor, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bena. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. — Old signior, walk aside with me. I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. *[Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.]*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you. Yet count Claudio may hear; **F**or what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? *[To CLAUDIO.]*

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed

you with a good name. To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him. Marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night. An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about seignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace; stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty! sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither. But know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely. I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off, in the orchard, this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you, to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! Art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? Of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband. An bad thinking do

not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—the *heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—Then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me: they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! There's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! How long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle?

Beat. *Benedictus*! Why *Benedictus*? You have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, per-

chance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, seignior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honestest than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbor Verges.

Leon. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! It is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbor Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped. All men are not alike; alas! good neighbor!

Leon. Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[touching his forehead]* shall drive some of them to a *non com.* Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. — Father, by your leave! Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. — There, Leonato, take her back again.

Give not this rotten orange to your friend:

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here.

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? — But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say. If I have known her,
You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonored, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? Or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! How am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talked with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why then are you no maiden.—*Leonato,*
I am sorry you must hear. Upon my honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! They are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*HERO swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? Wherefore sink you
down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle!
Hero! Why, Hero!—Uncle!—Seignior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—
 Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
 For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
 I thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
 Hid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Look up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
 Might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
 But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her: why, she—O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul, tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 Know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
 Have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made,
 Which was before barred up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Washed it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little:
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady. I have marked
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 A angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental zeal doth warrant
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The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon.

Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none :

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the prince's.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honor;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so ate up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar.

Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf

range slander to remorse; that is some good.
 it not for that dream I on this strange course,
 it on this travail look for greater birth.
 e dying, as it must be so maintained,
 on the instant that she was accused,
 all be lamented, pitied, and excused,
 every hearer; for it so falls out,
 at what we have, we prize not to the worth,
 hiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
 hy, then we rack the value; then we find
 e virtue, that possession would not show us
 hiles it was ours. — So will it fare with Claudio
 hen he shall hear she died upon his words,
 e idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 to his study of imagination;
 and every lovely organ of her life
 all come apparelled in more precious habit,
 ore moving-delicate, and full of life,
 to the eye and prospect of his soul,
 an when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn.
 ever love had interest in his liver,)
 and wish he had not so accused her;
 though he thought his accusation true,
 t this be so, and doubt not but success
 ill fashion the event in better shape,
 an I can lay it down in likelihood.
 it if all aim but this be levelled false,
 e supposition of the lady's death
 ill quench the wonder of her infamy;
 and, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
 s best befits her wounded reputation)
 some reclusive and religious life,
 t of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Seignior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
 and though, you know, my inwardness and love
 very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 t, by mine honor, I will deal in this
 secretly, and justly, as your soul
 ould with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 e smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented. Presently away;
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
 Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day
 Perhaps is but prolonged; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! Not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hat-

ered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?—O, that I a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered er, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! uld eat his heart in the market-place.

ne. Hear me, Beatrice—

at. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper g!

ne. Nay but, Beatrice—

at. Sweet Hero!—She is wronged, she is slandered, s undone.

ne. Beat—

at. Princes, and counties! Surely a princely testi-; a goodly count-confect! A sweet gallant, surely! it I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend l be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into esies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned ongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as ules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with ing.

ne. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

at. Use it for my love some other way than swearing

ne. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath ged Hero?

at. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

ne. Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him; I kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, lio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of o think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say s dead; and so farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. A Prison.

r DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

gb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

rg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

zton. Which be the malefactors?

gb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

rg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to ine.

zton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-ed? Let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down — master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down — that they hope they serve God; — and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside. — 'Fore God they are both in a tale. Have you writ down — that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efast way. — Let the watch come forth. — Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down — prince John, a villain. — Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bora. Master constable, —

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy loo, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the bands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? Let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! You are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—But, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down—an ass. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
 Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
 My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
 And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonor her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—Well, fare you well, my lord.—

Are you so hasty now?—Well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Act V.] MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart
And she lies buried with her ancestors.

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany.

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed my
child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.

But that's no matter; let him kill one first—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy. Come, boy, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I loved my niece;

And she is dead, slandered to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—

Leon.

Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle: let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience—
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing,
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon.

Come, brother, away;—I will be heard;—

Ant.

And shall—

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to see—

Claud. Now, seignior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, seignior. You are almost come
part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapp'd
off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou
Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young
for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came
to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for
are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten
away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been
beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the mis-
treels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—A
thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! Courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. — I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain. — I jest not; — I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. — Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? A feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. — Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. *True*, says she, *a fine little one*; *No*, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*; *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*; *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, says she, *a wise gentleman*; *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning*; *there's a double tongue*; *there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will

leave you now to your gossip-like humor; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not dis-

cover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgraced her when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation: and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery;—
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! Now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time
our sexton hath reformed seignior Leonato of the matter.
And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place
shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master seignior Leonato, and
the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
killed

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself.
Here stand a pair of honorable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it.—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death.

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones. Sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead;
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night, I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ~~///~~
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white-
and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass.
I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment;
and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they
say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it,
and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used
so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,
and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine
him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reve-
rend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank
thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbor.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? Why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—* [Singing.]

I mean, in singing ; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now.—And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome : therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. *Suffer love!* a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession. There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question !—Why, an hour in clamor, and a quar-

ter in rheum. Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy;) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. *[Reads from a scroll.]*

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies;

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies;

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight:

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

*Midnight assist our moan ;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily.
 Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
 Till death be uttered,
 Heavenly, heavenly.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters. Put your torches out ;
 The wolves have preyed ; and look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way—

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
 And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,
 Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA,
 Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
 Upon the error that you heard debated.
 But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
 Although against her will, as it appears
 In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
 To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
 Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
 And, when I send for you, come hither masked.
 The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
 To visit me.—You know your office, brother ;
 You must be father to your brother's daughter,
 And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirmed countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, seignior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
 Seignior Leonato, truth it is, good seignior,
 Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, from Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
but, for my will, my will is, your good will
may stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
in the estate of honorable marriage;—
in which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.—
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO, and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.
We here attend you; are you yet determined
to-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit ANTONIO.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the
matter,
that you have such a February face,
so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.
Fush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
and all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
as once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
and some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
and got a calf in that same noble feat,
much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you; here comes other reckoning.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper, written in his hand, A halting sonnet, of his own pure brain, Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers

cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends;—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word: therefore, play, music—prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]

DSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(391)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
 DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*

SNUG, *the Joiner.*

BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*

FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *the Tinker.*

STARVELING, *the Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*

TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*

PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
 COBWEB, } *Fairies.*
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARD-SEED, }

PYRAMUS, }
 THISBE, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by*
 WALL, } *the Clowns.*
 MOONSHINE, }
 LION, }

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on
 Theseus and Hippolyta.*

SCENE. *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE and Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon. But, O, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youths to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—my noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
 Thou, thou, Lysander thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchanged love tokens with my child;
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
 With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart;
 Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness;—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes—

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
 But I beseech your grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord.
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship.)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's. Do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed: my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should I then not prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.—

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—
 Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?—
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGÆUS,
 DEMETRIUS, and Train.]

Lys. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! For aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth!
 But either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years.

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
 It stands as an edict in destiny.
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
 And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Shall pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow, with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than woman ever spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELEN.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Our eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favor so,
I would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go.
Your ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
Your tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
Teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love,—

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty. 'Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seemed Athens like a paradise to me.
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander. We must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit HERMIA*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu.
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit LYSANDER*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where;
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude be-
fore the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats
on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to
a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy,
and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a
merry. — Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by
the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of
it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will
move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest.
—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles
rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty! — Now name the rest of the players. —
This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more con-
doling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, — *Thisne, Thisne* — Ah, *Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! And lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; — Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and ~~that~~ were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any suckling dove; I will roar ~~you~~ you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in summer's day, a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are our parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light. Here will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more discreetly, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire.
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors.

Must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight,
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
 She never had so sweet a changeling;
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild.
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite —
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Called Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labor in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work; and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe:
 And yexen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Faery; here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—'Would that he were g

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, at one door, with his Train, and TITANIA, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady. But I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.

The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound;
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter. Hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension.
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laughed to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy-kingdom.—Fairies, away.
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt* TITANIA and her Train.]

Obe. Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.

I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Lying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.

It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Teach me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;

The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,

Will make or man or woman madly dote

On the next live creature that it sees.

Teach me this herb; and be thou here again,

That the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes.

[*Exit Puck.*]

Having once this juice,

Watch Titania when she is asleep,

Drop the liquor of it in her eyes.

Next thing then she waking looks upon,

Be it lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

Mad fooling monkey, or on busy ape,)

Will pursue it with the soul of love.

I take this charm off from her sight,

And take it with another herb,)

Her render up her page to me.

Does he come here? I am invisible;

Will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stolen into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you do your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face;
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase.

ACT II.] MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions. Let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the mild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song,
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
 Newts, and blindworms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well.
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* *TITANIA sleep*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on* *TITANIA's eyelid*]

Do it for thy true love take.

Love, and languish for his sake.

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Erit*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
 And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;

ACT II.] MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie farther off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here?—Lysander! On the ground!

Dead? Or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waki—]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though

Yet Hermia still loves you, then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No. I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love.

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by this reason swayed;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So, I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should of another, therefore, be abused! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep thou there,

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,

To honor Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy
best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—What a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent ate my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—

Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! Lord!

What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear,

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.

No?—Then I well perceive you are not nigh.

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.**Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.**Bot.* Are we all met?*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.*Bot.* Peter Quince,—*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?*Snout.* By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were

pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are.—And there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing. We must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flower of odious savors sweet,—*

Quin. Odors, odors.

Pyr. —*odors savors sweet:*

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

*But, hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.* [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than ere played here!

[*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand,

he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM, with an ass's head.

This. O—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exeunt Clowns.

*Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,*

*A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery! This is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[Waking.]

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo*, ever so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep
little company together nowadays. The more the pity, that
some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I
can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep;

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Were shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. — I beseech your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue; bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
 Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
 Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. — How now, mad spirit!
 What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake;
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
 When, in that moment, (so it came to pass,)
 Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise
 But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finished, too,—
 And the Athenian woman by his side;
 That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

He sun was not so true unto the day,

As he to me. Would he have stolen away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe, as soon,

His whole earth may be bored, and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murdered him:
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look; and so should I.
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake.
Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood—
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so,—

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [~~Exit~~]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein; — ;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down*]

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quit ~~it~~ *etc.*
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.

Puck. Then fate o'errules; that, one man holding true ~~it~~,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside; the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Hel. When I vow, I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears.

Lys. Can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Wearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

Lys. When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!

Hel. These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?

Lys. Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh

Hel. Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect
divine!

Lys. What, my love, shall I compare thine eye to?

Hel. My eye is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena—
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia. This, you know, I know,
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourned;
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.—
Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes—
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear—I thank it—brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide—

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoined, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bate me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Your sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.

scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,

And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up.
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well. 'Tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse.
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this!

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, he'll — Sir,
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr. Vile thing, let loose—
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! Hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! Wherefore? O me! What news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!
In earnest shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain nothing truer. 'Tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler! you canker-blossom
You thief of love! What, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! Hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you: for love, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone? Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen, when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus of hind'ring knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not.

Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYS. and DEM.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.]

Obe. This is thy negligence; still thou mistak'st,

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

so far am I glad it so did sort,
 his their jangling I esteem a sport.
 e. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight.
 therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
 starry welkin cover thou anon
 drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
 lead these testy rivals so astray,
 ne come not within another's way.
 to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
 sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
 from each other look thou lead them thus,
 o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
 crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
 so liquor hath this virtuous property,
 take from thence all error with his might,
 make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 1 they next wake, all this derision
 seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 back to Athens shall the lovers wend
 league whose date till death shall never end
 as I in this affair do thee employ,
 o my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 then I will her charmed eye release
 1 monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
 ick. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste.
 night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
 those approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 o home to church-yards. Damned spirits all,
 in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 idly to their wormy beds are gone;
 fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 wilfully themselves exile from light,
 must for aye consort with black-browed night.
 e. But we are spirits of another sort.
 h the Morning's love have oft made sport;
 like a forester, the groves may tread,
 till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 ing on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 s into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 nay effect this business yet ere day. [Exit OBERON.
 Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down.

I am feared in field and town;
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
 To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
 I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled,
 That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter heeled than I.
 I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
 That fallen am I in dark, uneven way.
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]
 For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
 dear,
 If ever I thy face by day-light see.
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By days approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours. Shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. *[Sleeps.]*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heaven shield Lysander if they mean a fray! *[Lies down.]*

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound.

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.]

When thou wak'st

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[Exit PUCK. — DEM., HEL., &c. sleep.]

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents.
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamored of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade.

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—

For now our observation is performed,

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—

Uncouple in the western valley; go:

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,

When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear

With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near

Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew, so sanded; and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tunable

Was never hollaed too, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge, when you hear.—But soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe

The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

The.

I pray you all stand up.

I know you are two rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half 'sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is,)

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stolen away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me;

You, of your wife, and me, of my consent;

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I in fury hither followed them

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power

(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia;
 But, like in sickness, did I loath this food;
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for ever more be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens. Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt THE., HIP., EGE. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then we are awake. Let's follow him;
 And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.—
 My next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter
 Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!
 Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep!
 I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past
 the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an
 ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I
 was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,

and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon. A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life. He could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day; an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it. Sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribands to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, It is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of ~~—~~!

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact. One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation, and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More, than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come, now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

The. [*Reads.*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that; that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
 A tragical, my noble lord, it is,
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself;
 Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
 Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
 Which never labored in their minds till now;
 And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
 With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
 It is not for you. I have heard it over,
 And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
 Unless you can find sport in their intents,
 Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pain,
 To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
 For never any thing can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it.
 Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
 And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing!
 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
 And what poor duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome; trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence, yet, I picked a welcome;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.*

*We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine; for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright;

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain.

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 "He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
 "And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 "His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 "Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 "At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol., THISBY, Lion, and Moon-shine.]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord. One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 "That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 "And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 "That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
 "Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 "Did whisper often very secretly.
 "This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 "That I am that same wall. The truth is so:
 "And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 "Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black
 "O night, which ever art, when day is not!
 "O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 "I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
 "And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 "That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
 "Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 "Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
 [Wall holds up his fingers—
 "Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this?
 "But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
 "O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss.
 "Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,* is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. — Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBY.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
"My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones;

"Thy stones, with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
"Thisby!"

This. "My love! Thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
"And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBY.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to
hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of them-
selves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two
noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moon-shine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

"No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well. Leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present. "Myself the man i'the moon doth seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awear of this moon. Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—" [*The Lion roars.*—*THISBE runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, Lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here!
 "Eyes, do you see?
 "How can it be?
 "O dainty duck! O dear!
 "Thy mantle good,
 "What, stained with blood?
 "Approach, ye furies fell!
 "O fates! come, come;
 "Cut thread and thrum;
 "Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

"Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.

"Come, tears, confound.

"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus;

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop;

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky.

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.*—*Exit* Moon-shine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moon-shine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *wideliest*—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise;

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone.

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word.—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue,

"And farewell, friends;—

"Thus Thisby ends.

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dis*—]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you: for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself with Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask. Let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns*—]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatched.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt*—]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we fairies, that do run,
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house;
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire.
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote.
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be.

And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gate;
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace.
 E'er shall it in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;
 Make no stay;
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, (and all is mended,)
 That you have but slumbered here,
 While these visions did appear,
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream.
 Gentles, do not reprehend;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck,
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends, ere long;
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends.*

[*Exit*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

(445)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
DUMAIN,

BOYET,
MERCADÉ, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE. Navarre.

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;—
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there;—
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

King. Your oath is passed to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? Let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common
sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know.

As thus—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.
Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-
breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Birón is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you—to study now it is too late—

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out. Go home, Birón, adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame! ~~—~~!

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within* ~~—~~
a mile of my court. — Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] *On pain of* ~~—~~
losing her tongue. — Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman* ~~—~~
within the term of three years, he shall endure such publi-
shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise. —

This article, my liege, yourself must break.

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak, —

A maid of grace, and complete majesty, —
 About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father.
 Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgo- ~~—~~ —

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should;
 And when it hath the thing it hunted most,
 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree; ~~—~~;
 She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space.

For every man with his affects is born;
 Not by might mastered, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
 I am forsworn on mere necessity. —

So to the laws at large I write my name. [*Subscribes* ~~—~~]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;
 But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.
 But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
 With a refined traveller of Spain;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a Letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his
grace's tharborough; but I would see his own person in
flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Seignior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's
villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having! God grant us
patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or
to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to
climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three.
I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her
upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which,
put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir,
for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a
woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet. .

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-colored melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon ; it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of my mirth,

Cost. Me.

King. —that unlettered, small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King. —that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King. —which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me !

King. —sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established, proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee,

to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. *For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir. I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity. I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Birón, see him delivered o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN.]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same. Armado's House.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy.

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? Why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers.

Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him. [Aside.]

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage! For he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown.

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since. But, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe; and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance but a'must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid —

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain. Shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose. Thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing. I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength. Yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. A Pavilion and
Tents at a distance..*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy;
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court.
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Imports personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride; and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord*. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam. At a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most; that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him. If I have heard a truth,
Birón they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin.

Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
 And he, and his competitors in oath,
 Were all addressed to meet you, gentle lady,
 Before I came. Marry, thus much have I learnt;
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 (Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have
 not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours;
 and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace has sworn-out house-keeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
 And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
 For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
 To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast; 'twill tire-

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain;
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound.
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview.
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honor, without breach of honor, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
 But here without you shall be so received,
 As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbor in my house.
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad
 to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My Physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were
 a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit Long.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry, mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but, gentles, agree;
The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which, very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviors did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire;
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were locked in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glassed,
Did point you to buy them along as you passed.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is
but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of
hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years, take this
key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately
hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at
the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it with
turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note:
sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with
singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed
up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er
the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin
belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your
pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too
long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are comple-
ments, these are humors; these betray nice wenches—that
would be betrayed without these; and make them men of
note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be an ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir,

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow.

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he.—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.
My herald is returned.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle. Come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the
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mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral; now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three,

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stayed the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.

Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose; that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then called you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in.

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak the *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances.—I smell some *l'envoy*;
some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty,
enfrees thy person; thou wert immured, restrained,
captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and
let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Bear
this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is
remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of
mine honor is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. — Seignior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! My incony Jew!—

[*Exit* Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O,
that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—
remuneration. — *What's the price of this inkle? A penny.*
—*No, I'll give you a remuneration.* Why, it carries it. —
Remuneration! — Why, it is a fairer name than French
crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a
man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why, then, three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this.—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors—O my little heart—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes,
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;—
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speakest, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow.—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! It is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubiate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The king's. The captive is enriched. On whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose side? The king's!*

No, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rage? Robes; for titles, titles; for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADELANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet.

And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; come near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [Singing.
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot! for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark. A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within. *Exit COST. running.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication,—or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epigraph on the death of the deer? And, to humor the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell! Put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine. 'Tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from don Armatho. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!

I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes:

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend;

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, O pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings Heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden

cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colorable colors. But to return to the verses—did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay; *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON, with a Paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself; they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;

pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax. It kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King, with a Paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by Heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—I'faith, secrets.—

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy grief will snow.
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a Paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! Listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

[Aside.

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
[*Aside.*]

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
[*Aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move;
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:

Then, thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapor vow; in thee it is.

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh
a deity;

A green goose, a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[*Stepping aside.*]

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O Heavens, I have my wish!
Dumain transformed; four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.

[*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colored raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine, is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;—
Thee—for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an *Ethiop* were;

*And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his your
case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart;
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And marked you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! How will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocris.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears.
You'll not be perjured; 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain;
 And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? All about the breast.—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betrayed, by keeping company
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,
 Or groan for Joan, or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
 Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]
 Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

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King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the piece.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To COSTARD.*]

You were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pickpurses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAG.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood will not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands, must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the culled sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants ; that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.

A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? Where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look ;

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favor turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be washed away.

King. 'Twere good yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile! Then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walked overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there,—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms!

Consider what you did first swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vowed to study, lords,

In that of each of you hath forsworn his book,

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigor of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow;

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

With ourselves,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enriched you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent;
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! And, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords:
Pell-mell, down with them. But be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither:
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! No time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sowed cockle reaped no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure!
Light wenchens may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner
have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility,
witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned
without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse
this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is
intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humor is lofty,
his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious,
his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridicu-
lous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too
affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical
phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions;
such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when
he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt:
d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t. He clepeth a calf, cauf: haf, hauf:

~~Neigh~~bor, *vocatur*, nebor, neigh, abbreviated, ne. This is ~~ab~~ominable, (which he would call abominable;) it insinuates me of insanie. *Ne intelligis, domine?* To make ~~frantic~~ lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone? — bone, for bene; Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[To Moth.]

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To COSTARD, aside.]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. — You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth.. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit. Snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so

pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! What a joyf—
father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it a—
dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled fro—
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charg—
house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure an—
affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, i—
the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude ca—
the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable—
congruent, and measurable for the afternoon. The word i—
well culled, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I d—
assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my fami—
liar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is in—
ward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remembe—
thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—an—
among other importunate and most serious designs,—an—
of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass;—for—
must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) some—
time to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his roya—
finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio—
but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount—
no fable; some certain special honors it pleaseth his great—
ness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that—
hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all—
is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king—
would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some—
delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire—
work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet—
self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out—
of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the—
end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.
—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time,
some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by
our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant,
illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I
say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present
them

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority; his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! Now thou crushest the snake!* That is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady walled about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme, As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all? That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: he killed your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died. Had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died!
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed. I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me —

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.
But, Rosaline, you have a favor too.
Who sent it, and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew;
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón;
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How! Let me not die your debtor —
My red dominical, my golden letter.

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! And beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So potent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are caught,

As wit turned fool. Folly, in wisdom hatched,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's her
grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments. You'll be surprised:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;

When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,

Toward that shade I might behold addressed

The king and his companions. Warily

I stole into a neighbor thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguised they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty, knavish page,

That well by heart hath conned his embassy.

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The boy replied, *An angel is not evil,*
I should have feared her, had she been a devil,
 With that all laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder;
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleeced, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before;
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
 The third he capered, and cried, *All goes well;*
 The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are appareled thus,
 Like Muscovites, or Russians. As I guess,
 The purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
 By favors several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? The gallants shall be tasked;
 For, ladies, we will every one be masked;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear;
 And then the king will court thee for his dear;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
 So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favors too; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favors most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.
 They do it but in mocking merriment;
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook; and so be mocked withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages displayed, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penned speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own.
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be masked; the maskers
come. [The ladies mask.

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in
Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and
Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turned their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal views! Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—
with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? Begone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? Know their minds,
Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why that they have; and bid them so begone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measured many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile; if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! Beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then; nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet.—No dance;—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice. Take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends.—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves. What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? Bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half.
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense. So sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things—

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off—

Biron. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*—

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out—

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword.

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he called me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness, as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear? The king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows.

Therefore, change favors; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, masked, are roses in their bud.

Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
 Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguised.
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
 And wonder what they were; and to what end
 Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penned,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.*]

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
 Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
 And utters it again when Jove doth please.
 He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 He can carve too, and lisp. Why this is he
 That kissed away his hand in courtesy;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honorable terms; nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
 And consciences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behavior, what wert thou,
 Till this man showed thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better ; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you ; and purpose now
To lead you to our court ; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow.

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue ; vice you should have spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam ? Russians ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.— It is not so, my lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted here with four

In Russian habit. Here they staid an hour,

And talked apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.— Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light. Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and showed the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance:

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penned,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage.—Bear with me; I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;

They are infected; in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression,
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honor, no,

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eyesight; and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! The noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't.—Here was a consent

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed,—

Told our intents before; which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favors; and then we,
Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will and error.
Much upon this it is. — And might not you [To Boyet.
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out. Go, you are allowed;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manege, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! Thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.'

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is
not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what
we know.

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living
by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,
will show whereuntil it doth amount. For my own part, I
am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor
man. Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the
Great. For mine own part, I know not the degree of the
worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit COSTARD.]

King. Birón, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now; That sport best pleases that doth least know how. Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents, Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement. [Exit ARMADO.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy,—

A bare throw at novum; and the whole world again, Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes ~~amain~~ ^{amain}.
[Seats brought for the King, Princess, ~~and~~ ^{and}]

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. You lie; you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey, surnamed the Big,—*

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir;—*Pompey, surnamed the Great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat;*

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance, And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France. If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *Great*.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;—*

Boyet. Most true; 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,——

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror; take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you;

a foolish, mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbor, in sooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted.—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus.
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit MOTH.*

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipped is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor!—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed. Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance—

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfaced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? Give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas. It grows dark; he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace.

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight, yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man—but I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, [*To the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*BIRON whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector; she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. — More Ates, more Ates; Stir them on! Stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. — I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that he wears next his heart for a favor.

Enter a Messenger, MONSIEUR MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade.

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavors, and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits.
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest, plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Played foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seemed ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Formed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,
By being once false forever to be true,
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you;
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love:
Your favors, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time methinks too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me.
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too; your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife! — A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With threefold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. — A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;

Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow, laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? Well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the King.]

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave. I am
a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough
for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed great—

Will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men
have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should
be followed in the end of our show.

Sing. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
Arm. Holla! Approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and
others.

One side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one
maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Sing. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Enter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*]

MERCHANT OF VENICE

VOL. I.—33

(513)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, }
Prince of Arragon, } *Suitors to Portia.*

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, }
STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the
Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies, with portly sail,—
Like seigniors and rich burghers, on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
 But tell not me; I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year;
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
 when?

You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. and SALAN.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio—

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, seignior Antonio.
 You have too much respect upon the world.
 They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool.
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time;
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good Lorenzo,—Fare ye well, awhile;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell. I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
 In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRA. and LOR.*]

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance. Nor do I now make moan to be abridged From such a noble rate; but my chief care Is, to come fairly off from the great debts, Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, I owe the most in money, and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To unburden all my plots, and purposes, How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And, if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honor, be assured, My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way, with more advised watch, To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both, I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof, Because what follows is pure innocence. I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth, That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the aim, or to find both, Or bring your latter hazard back again, And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time, To wind about my love with circumstance: And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong, In making question of my uttermost, Than if you had made waste of all I have. Then do but say to me what I should do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it; therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of
this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were
in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet,
for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness,
therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner
by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good
to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages
prince's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own
instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to

be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold degree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *As if you will not have me, choose.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitans; a better bad habit of frowning than the count palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands; if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he under-

stands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. — How now! What news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave, and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which

your prophet the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is seignior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian. But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft; how many months Do you desire?—rest you fair, good seignior;

[To ANTONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed, How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—but hear you; Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? Did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest. Mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colored lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blessed;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed, and fashioned, by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, seignior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio;
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Seignior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me,
About my moneys, and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.

What shall I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys; and you'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.—
 Go with me to a notary; seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
 Within these two months,—that's a month before
 This bond expires,—I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
 If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship.
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*
Flourish of Cornets.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA,
NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine,
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes.
Besides, the lottery of my destiny

Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comér I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this cimeter,—
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner,
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or cursed't among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as afore-said, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running*

with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,*—or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well. To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not.—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*Aside.*] now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me. It is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! What a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! Give him a halter! I am famished in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I

am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall fruitify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. — What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit. Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well. Go, father, with thy son; Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out. — Give him a livery. [*To his followers.*
More guarded than his fellows'. See it done.

Laun. Father, in—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man, and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. — Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.
[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon.

Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Seignior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass.

You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must!—but hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show,
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.

Seignior Bassanio, hear me.

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;

Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I must to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—Tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu! These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.]

Jess. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANTO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this. — Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her; — speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, *[Exit LAUNCELOT.]*
Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging, some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnished with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's House.**Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
 What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,
 As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

There are my keys:—but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go.

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.—I will not say, you shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday, was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masks? Hear you me, Jessica. Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces; But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night; But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir;—

Mistress, look out at window for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do, as I bid you,

Shut doors after you; fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crossed,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same. Enter GRATIANO and
SALARINO, masked.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
How like a youngker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach!
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! Who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in Boy's Clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For, if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Seignior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! Where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.—

No mask to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard.

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*
Flourish of Cornets.

Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their
Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.
 As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady.
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I strayed no further, but chose here?—
 Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as throughfares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia.
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculped upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told;
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold;
 Gilded timber do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscrolled.
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labor lost.

Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart

To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

[*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late; the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—

Justice! The law! My ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!

And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar.

Marry, well remembered.

I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday;

Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part

The French and English, there miscarried

A vessel of our country, richly fraught.

I thought upon Antonio, when he told me,

And wished in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return; he answered — *Do not so;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter into your mind of love.
 Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.*
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And, with affection wondrous sensible,
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets.

Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
 If you choose that wherein I am contained,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things.
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see.—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire. — That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house!
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly; and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor, and how much honor
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished! Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert; — give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar.

What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this ;
 Seven times tried that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silvered o'er ; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head.
 So begone, sir, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here ;
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.—
 Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroath.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
 O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy.—
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord ;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love ;
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee. I am half afeard,
 Thou wilt say, anon, he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
 Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company,—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match. A bankrupt,

a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart!—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy:—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN., SALAR. and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now.—Two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why,

so;—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! Ha! ha!—Where? In Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me.—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It ~~was~~ my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you; and you know, yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality;
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours; O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights,
And so, though yours, not yours. — Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, — not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then; I'm locked in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then! Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice.
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules,
 Live thou, I live. — With much, much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.*

2. *It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
 The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!
 And these assume but valor's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnished. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true!*

*Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave! [*Kissing her.*]
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;

And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, Good joy; good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls.
For, wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Seignior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins; I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;

And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Jailer.

Shy. Jailer, look to him. — Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis.—
Jailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs;
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold,

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailer, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.* Enter
PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!

This comes too near the praising of myself!
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward Heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you; fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavor of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Ballario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice.—Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
 How honorable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
 I could not do withal.—Then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth.—I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie; what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father
 are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you,
 I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I
 speak my agitation of the matter. Therefore, be of good
 cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but
 one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a
 kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got
 you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the
 sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father
 and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall
 into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me
 a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians
 enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by
 another. This making of Christians will raise the price of

hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly. The Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning. Go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica!
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go, one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars never trained
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:
 But say it is my humor: Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
 Master of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
 Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA. dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[Presents a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit,

Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,

Infused itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart; some three or four of you, Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes. And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [To ANTONIO.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me! I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond.—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife.
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I loved you; speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter:
'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]
We trifle time. I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. *Soft;*
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! An upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh:
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I;—a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. *Tarry, Jew;*
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, — to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more. — That, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more;
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves; I'll wear them for your sake;
And for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house;—away, make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come.
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? What friend? Your name, I pray you,
friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? Sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where! Where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter;—why should we go in? My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand; And bring your music forth into the air.—

[Exit STEPHANO.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. *[Music.]*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended; and, I think,
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise, and true perfection!—
 Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
 Or, I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
 By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
 Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
 Are they returned?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
 But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
 Give order to my servants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk,
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—But well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy that begged it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame — I must be plain with you —
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begged the ring; the which I did deny him,

And suffered him to go displeased away;

Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honor would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night,

Had you been there, I think, you would have begged

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you.

I'll not deny him any thing I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honor, which is yet my own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let not me take him then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And, in the hearing of these many friends

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:

In each eye one.—Swear by your double self,

And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,

I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To PORTIA.

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough;
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed.
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario;
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now returned. I have not yet
Entered my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly;
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it;
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day;
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*]



AS YOU LIKE IT.

(579)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, *living in exile.*

FREDEBICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House ; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Orchard near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will; but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me; he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them?

What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles! what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle

for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Ol. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester; I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress

of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? — Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason

of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits. — How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing, only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. and ORL. wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteemed thy father honorable, But I did find him still mine enemy. Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind. Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him. My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved; If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back; my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; — Cupid have mercy!
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with
reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one
should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without
any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father. O how full
of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in
my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than
myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time,
in despite of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service,
let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden,
you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's
youngest son?

Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son
dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my
father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him,
because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros.

Me, uncle?

Duke F.

You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros.

I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F.

Thus do all traitors;

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we, in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *this misery doth part*
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord*. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord*. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord*. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord*. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master?—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O, you memory
Of old sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother: yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age, in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden. The more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have, forgotten.

Sil. O thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I
have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for
coming anight to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing
of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped
hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod
instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her
them again, said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my
sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers;
but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till
I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question 'yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool! he's not my kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

*Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks egga. More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged ; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza. Call you them stanzas ?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he ; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.
I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the
first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther. O, I die for
food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Fare-
well, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee?
Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little; if this
uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food
for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer
death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold
death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee
presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll
give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou
art a mocker of my labor. Well said! Thou look'st cheerily:
and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak
air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt
not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this
desert. Cheerily, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Table set out.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compáct of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! What a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock.*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have
And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
E'en by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous, foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very, very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why, then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shall not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. Thou touched my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But, whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knolled to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old, poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort!
[Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow; then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then, the justice,
In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
In second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whispered faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
 Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands.
 Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
 The fair the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the

property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn:—that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh. Indeed!—learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the

greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be bawd to a bell-wether ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind ;
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted ; it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind ;
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar ; then it will be the earliest fruit in the country ;

for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace !
Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage ;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend ;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged.
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter ! — What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people !*

Cel. How now ! back, friends ; — Shepherd, go off a little. — Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable re-

treat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping?

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? Quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover;—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper.

Ros. By no means, sir; time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, times's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not;—a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does. That is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,

full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house! [*Aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favored; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods; right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so.——Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver. — Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't.* How do you, sir? You are very well met. God'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;
But—wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., and AUDREY.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana ; a nun of widow's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*. Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose ; but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love ;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame; for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks; pity me not;
As till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might
be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work. — Od's my little life!
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favored children.
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So take her to thee, shepherd. — Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall
 in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers
 thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. —
 Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine.
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by. —
 Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —
 Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud; though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROS., CEL., and COR.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha! What say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phc. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both exterminated.

Phc. Thou hast my love; is not that neighborly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phc.

Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phc. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,

That the old carlot once was master of.

Phc. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy;—Yet he talks well;—

But what care I for words? Yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him.

For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
 I marvel why I answered not again;
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart;
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion

to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say — I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. — What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,—*

Cel. Go to—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. Forever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo; December, when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less;—that flattering tongue of yours won me;—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon

his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that killed the deer?*

2. *His leathern skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home.*

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;*

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it.*

*All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

The rest shall
bear this bur-
den.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to
sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turned, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burned?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—*

Meaning me, a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright cyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity.—Wilt
thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instru-

ment, and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! —Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her; —That if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. —If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom, The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then I should know you by description; Such garments, and such years. *The boy is fair, Of female favor, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister; but the woman low, And browner than her brother.* Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both; And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest, Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside, And, mark, what object did present itself! Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age, And high top bald with dry antiquity, A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself, Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch.
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed;
 As, how I came into that desert place;—
 In brief he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment.
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recovered him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? Sweet Ganymede?

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man!—You lack
a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think
this was well counterfeited; I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testi-
mony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman
by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw
homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle
Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old
gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile
Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest
lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good;—and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in

bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true: there never was any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and over-

came. For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, in-somuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To ROSALIND.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To PHEBE.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to—*why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here; nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of
Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if I can.—I would love you, [*To PHEBE.*] if I could.
To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS.*] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you; sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.— You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.* You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To SILVIUS.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;— You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:— Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:— Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:—and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutored in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. — A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed. — Bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I send him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again,

it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct, and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN leading ROSALIND in women's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things, made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.— [*To Duke S.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To ORLANDO.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
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Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.— [*To Duke S.*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;— [*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.— [*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*

You [*To PHEBE.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honored.

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To SILVIUS.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword:
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
 His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again
 That were with him exiled. This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man:
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
 To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot;
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry.—
 Play, music;—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I; out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learned.—
 You to your former honor I bequeath: [*To Duke S.*
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—
 You [*To ORLANDO.*] to a love that your true faith doth
 merit:—

You [*To OLIVER.*] to your land and love, and great
 allies:—

You [*To SILVIUS.*] to a long and well deserved bed:—
 And you [*To TOUCHSTONE.*] to wrangling; for thy loving
 voyage

Is but for two months victualled.—So to your pleasures;
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I.—What you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
 And we do trust they'll end in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make courtesy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

. (645)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Countess. IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up were it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so; Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly. He was

[*To HELENA.*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father, And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favor in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heart, too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favor: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak; unfold to us some warlike resistance.

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall.—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place:—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I
will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition, that your valor and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

[*Exit.*

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obeyed his hand. Who were below him,
He used as creatures of another place;
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,) *Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.—This he wished:

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?*

which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me, when I was young.

If we, are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colored Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—That you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam,
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)

Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do; but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love;—O then give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
 To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty; and that he willed me
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy approved, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
 The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowelled of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
 More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
 Of his profession, that his good receipt
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven ; and
 But give me leave to try success,
 The well-lost life of mine on his. g
 By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have
 Means, and attendants, and my love
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay
 And pray God's blessing into thy
 Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in Flourish.*

*Enter King, with young Lords taking
 time war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES*

King. Farewell, young lord, these
 Do not throw from you ;— and you,
 Share the advice betwixt you ; if I
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our
 After well-entered soldiers, to return
 And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and
 Will not confess he owes the malady
 That doth my life besiege. Farewell
 Whether I live or die, be you the
 Of worthy Frenchmen. Let highness
 (Those 'bated, that inherit but the
 Of the last monarchy) see, that you
 Not to woo honor, but to wed it ;
 The bravest questant shrinks, find what
 That fame may cry you loud. I

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding

King. Those girls of Italy, take
 They say, our French lack language

If they demand. Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil, with
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good
sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.—You shall find
in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his
cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek;
it was this very sword entrenched it. Say to him, I live;
and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt*
Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords:
you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an
adieu; be more expressive to them; for they wear them-
selves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait;
eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most re-
ceived star; and though the devil lead the measure, such
are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated
farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy
sword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter IACHO.

Iaf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my
tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would y
Had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pa
And asked thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them. I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touc
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and hon
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see
(For that is her demand,) and know her business
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit;
And not be all day neither. [*Exit*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prolog

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.—

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid.
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barred.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Seared otherwise; no worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try ;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of help.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or impage of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but rest
Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted blessed.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I
know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special,
when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners,
he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a
leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has nei-
ther leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to
say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have
an answer will serve all men.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just; you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banished sense
Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—Marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
ace for my life.

Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies.

Love makes your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the
Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a lord.*] that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice; they'll none nave her.
Sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father
drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth
of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To BERTRAM.*] but
I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly
bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your rising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good;—without a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor; that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honored bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to
choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honor, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care forever,
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honor,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born grief,
And be performed to night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord? My master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty

wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not. Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; the casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in the scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for my sake, and my pains doing eternal; for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace on me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity on his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou

garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee; methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords, and honorable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares forever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricie hold in thee, art sure?

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compelled restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewn with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To BERTRAM.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur. I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does

The ministration and required office
 On my particular: prepared I was not
 For such a business; therefore am I found
 So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
 That presently you take your way for home;
 And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you;
 For my respects are better than they seem;
 And my appointments have in them a need
 Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
 To you that know them not. This to my mother.
 [Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
 With true observance seek to eke out that,
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
 To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.
 My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
 Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
 But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
 What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed,—
 I would not tell you what I would. My lord—'faith, yes;—
 Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
 Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*
Flourish.

Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin French
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exit.]*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
lancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[Opening a letter.]*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[Exit.]

Count. *[Reads.]* *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news; some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. The danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. *[Exit Clown.]*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman we unto't.—Where is my son, I pray you

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence. We met him thitherward; from thence we came, And, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my pass
[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our part.

Count. I pry'thee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he gone.

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe me, The duke will lay upon him all the honor That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither.

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have not peace in France.*

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife. There's nothing here that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her, hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not he?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honor that he loses. More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?—

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected; better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,

Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art: a
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credit
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

SCENE IV. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
Might you not know, she would do as she has
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither go
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended
Write, write, that from the bloody course of
My dearest master, your dear son, may live*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Without the walls of Florence. Tucket
afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we
shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honorable
service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest com-
mander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's
brother. We have lost our labor; they are gone a con-
trary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with
the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French
earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so
rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot, for all that, dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you;
[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged.
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, a party of the Florentine
Army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he loved his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melan-
choly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoined penitents, There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if

he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord*. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord*. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord*. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was an excellent command! To charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on. I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit; if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We will make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind, Tokens and letters which she did resend; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have showed me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold.
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge's corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord*. This is the first truth, that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? What's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a but-terwoman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel——

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord*. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianada par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom.—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold*. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold*. *Boskos vauvado.*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—
Kerelybonto: — Sir,

Dia.

No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber.

No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compelled to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia.

Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber.

How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;

But the plain, single vow, that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness. Then pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unsealed;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber.

Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes, in such a war,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia.

Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Dia.

Mine honor's such a ring.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! So should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks. And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

1 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes! — *Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general. — Our general bids you to answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong?* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said. — I will say true; or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper! Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish, idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature; let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valor; what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes

and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me; he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians, — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold*. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord*. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold*. What's he?

Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold*. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold*. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[*Aside*.

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafau? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, Captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! Being fooled, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks. I duly am informed
 His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
 To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozened thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! So lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia.

Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am yours,
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel.

Yet, I pray you,—

But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
 Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us.

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him ! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjorum of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave ; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir ; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bawble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? A Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name ; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir ; *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of ; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire ; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter : some, that humble themselves, may ; but the many will be too chill and tender ; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young, noble soldier.

Olo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate, fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low. We cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put to you
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed;

He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;

Though time seems so adverse, and
I do beseech you, whither is he go

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to R
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech
Since you are like to see the king
Commend the paper to his gracious
Which, I presume, shall render you
But rather make you thank your p
I will come after you, with what g
Our means will make us means.

Gent. Th

Hel. And you shall find yourself t
Whate'er falls more.—We must t
Go, go, provide.

SCENE II. Rousillon. *The inner (*
Palace.

Enter Clown and PA

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, gi
letter. I have ere now, sir, been bet
I have held familiarity with fresher c
sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and s
of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure
smell so strong as thou speakest of:
no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'y

Par. Nay, you need not stop your
by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor
nose; or against any man's metapho
further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me thi

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away.
close-stool to give to a nobleman!
himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of
a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the
her displeasure, and, as he says, is
you, sir, use the carp as you may; fo
decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally
distress in my smiles of comfort, a
lordship.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't. Save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish.*

Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *fc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honored lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watched the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
 But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
 Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
 Offence of mighty note; but to himself
 The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
 Whose beauty did astonish the survey
 Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
 Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorned to serve,
 Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither:—
 We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
 All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon:
 The nature of his great offence is dead,
 And deeper than oblivion do we bury
 The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
 A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
 So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[Exit Gentleman.]

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you
 spoke?—

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
 sent me,
 That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
 For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
 In me at once; but to the brightest beams
 Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
 The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repentent blames,
 Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
 Not one word more of the consumed time.
 Let's take the instant by the forward top;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals ere we can affect them. You remember
 The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admirably, my liege: at first
 I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
 Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favor;
Scorned a fair color, or expressed it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King.

Well excused :

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin;
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favor from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber.

Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine, and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortune ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber.

My gracious sovereign,

Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it; noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged; but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending. Her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this; I'll none of him.

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet.

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so imbodyed yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To BERTRAM.*] comes too short
for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometimes I have laughed with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honor,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent. my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owned and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world taxed and deboshed;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I liked her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddening my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate. She got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You that turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you, yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home;
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly; every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gen-
tlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. — W
equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty or

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go b
them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,
indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, :
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of thei
to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marria
things that would derive me ill will to speak of; ther
will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evi
therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me ne

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it

King. If it were yours by none of all these wa
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she g
and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I k

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my lieg

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly; ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.—
Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES.*] lend me a handkerchief.
So, I thank thee; wait on me home. I'll make sport with
thee. Let thy courtesies alone; they are scurvy ones.

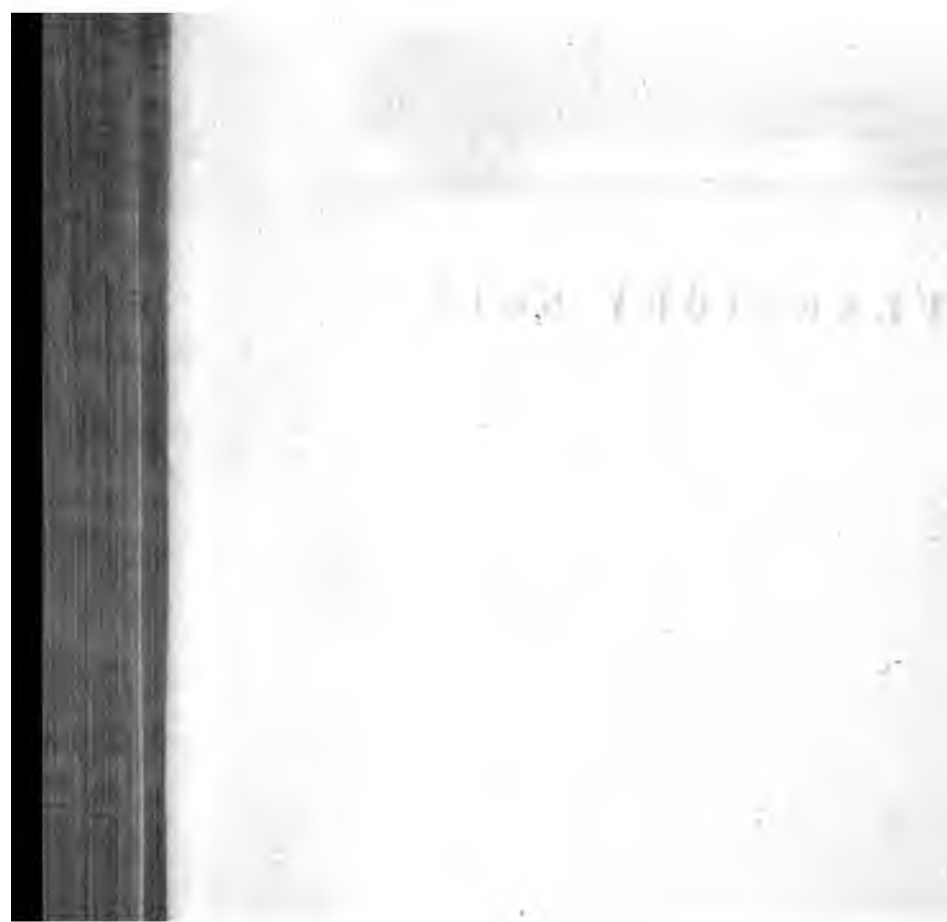
King. Let us from point to point this story know
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
If thou be'st yet a fresh, uncropped flower, [*To DIANA.*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower:
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express;
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

Advancing.

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.* [*Exeunt.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(717)



EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TEMPEST.

"*A rotten carcass of a boat.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare might have read the following in Holinshed:—"After this, was Edwin, the king's brother, accused of some conspiracie by him begun against the king: whereupon he was banished the land; and sent out in an *old rotten vessel*, without *rowers or mariner*, onlie accompanied with one esquier: so that being launched forth from the shore, through despaire, Edwin leaped into the sea, and drowned himself."

"*Setebos.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

We learn from Magellan's Voyages, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the *Patagons*. This fabulous deity is also mentioned in Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598. Barbot says, "The *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*." And, in Eden's *Historye of Trauayle*, 1577, we are told, that "the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."

"——— *For no kind of traffic*
Would I admit, no name of magistrate."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare has here followed a passage in Montaigne, as translated by John Florio, 1603:—"It is a nation that hath *no kind of trafficke*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of *politic superioritie*; no *use of service*, of *riches*, or of *povertie*; no *contracts*, no *successions*, no *partitions*, no *occupation*, but *idle*; no respect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; *no use of wine, corn, or metal*. The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, *dissimulations*, *covetousness*, *envie*, *detractation*, and *pardon*, were never heard amongst them."

"*Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,*
And after bate me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Perhaps taken from a passage in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures. "They make antike faces, *grin, mow and mop, like an ape, tumble like an hedge-hog.*"—Douce.

"*A dead Indian.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Sir Martin Frobisher, when he returned from his voyage of discovery, brought with him some native *Indians*. In his *History of the First Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya*, we have the following account of a savage taken by him:—"Whereupon, when he founde himself in capti-

vitie, for very choler and disdain, he bit his tong in twaine, within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but *lived untill he came in Englande, and then he died of colde, which he had taken at sea.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Nor scrape trenchering.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

In our author's time, trenchers were in general use, and male domestics were employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lyly, in his *History of his Life and Times*, 1620,) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning; all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *scrape-trenchers,*" &c.—MALONE.

"*He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

Probably in allusion to Stowe. It seems in the year 1574 a whale was thrown ashore near Ramsgate, "*a monstrous fish*, but not so monstrous as some reported, for *his eyes were in his head, and not in his back.*"

"*This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

A ridiculous figure, sometimes painted on signs. Westward for Smelts, a book which our poet seems to have read, was printed for John Trundle, in Barbican, at the sign of the *No-body*; or the allusion may be to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body*, without date, but printed before the year 1600.—MALONE.

"*One tree, the phoenix' throne.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

In Holland's Pliny, the following passage occurs: "I myselve verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and, namely, in regard of the bird *Phoenix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this Date Tree; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again."

"——— *Mountaineers,*
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh?"—Act III. Sc. 3.

Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to these *mountaineers*, may consult Maundeville's *Travels*, printed in 1503: but it is yet a known truth, that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.—STEEVENS.

"*Each putter-out of one for five.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The custom here alluded to was as follows:—It was a practice of those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money, on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:—"I do intend this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court, in Constantinople."

"*Like poison, given to work a great time after.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The natives of Africa were supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art, as not to operate till several years after

they were administered. Italian travellers relate similar effects of the *aqua tofana*, a subtle, colourless and tasteless poison, which ladies carry about them, and have at their toilets, among their perfumed waters, for the purpose of administering in the drink of faithless lovers. In the chapel at Arundel, is the effigy of a nobleman of the Howard family, who, having incurred the jealousy of an Italian lady during his travels, was poisoned in this manner, and died after lingering many years. The effigy represents him nearly naked, his bones scarcely covered by his skin, and presenting altogether a most deplorable spectacle.

"And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Caliban's *barnacle* is the *clakis* or tree-goose. Collins very simply tells us, that the barnacle which grows on ships was meant; and quotes the following passage to support his opinion:—"There are, in the north parts of Scotland, certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, which, falling in the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England, *brant-geese*; and in Lancashire, *tree-geese*."

"Some subtilties o' the isle."—Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination.—STEEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"Nay, give me not the boots."—Act I. Sc. 1.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture used only in Scotland. Bishop Burnet mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who being *suspected* of treason, underwent the punishment so late as 1666. "He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of *iron boots* close on the *leg*, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these on the calf of the leg, but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone."—REED.

"A laced mutton."—Act I. Sc. 1.

A *laced mutton* was, in our author's time, so usual a term for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell much frequented by prostitutes, was called *Mutton Lane*.—MALONE.

"I see you have a month's mind to them."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery; or a less solemnity directed by will. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. So in Strype's Memorials, "July, 1556, was the *month's mind* of Sir William Saxton, who died the last month, his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached."—GREY.

"Sir Valentine and servant."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Here Silvia calls her lover, *servant*, and again below, her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers when Shakspeare wrote.—HAWKINS.

"A waxen image 'gainst a fire."—Act II. Sc. 4.

Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. King James ascribes these images to the devil, in his *Treatise of Dæmonologie*: "To some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures of *waxe* or *claye*, that by the roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual sicknesses."—WATSON.

"With a cod-piece."—Act II. Sc. 7.

Whoever wishes to be informed respecting this particular relative to dress, may consult Buliver's *Artificial Changeling*. It is mentioned, too, in Tyro's *Roaring Megge*, 1596:—

"Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind,
And that same perking longitude before;
Which, for a pin-case, antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's, in the Tower of London. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the Tower-wardens, till forbidden by authority.—STEEVENS.

"Saint Nicholas be thy speed!"—Act III. Sc. 1.

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Collett*; for, by the statutes of Paul's School there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason, probably, was, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy.

HAWKINS

"The cover of the salt hides the salt."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The ancient English *salt-cellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a *cover* to keep the salt clean.

"Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity, in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was for life to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists.—STEEVENS.

"But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away."—Act IV. Sc. 4.

"When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or *vizards*, made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look; so that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil, for face he can shew (see) none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with *glasses* in them."—ANATOMIE OF ABUSSES, 1595.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"*How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of James the First's reign, by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his *majesty's old clothes*; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment.—T. WARTON.

"*Mill-sixpences.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

It appears from a passage in Sir William D'Avenant's *News from Plymouth*, that these *mill-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money:

"—— a few mill'd sixpences, with which
My purser casts accompt."—STEEVENS.

"*Edward shovel-boards.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

"*Edward shovel-boards*" were the broad shillings of Edward VI. Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Travel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:

"—— the unthrift every day
With my face downwards do at shoave-board play;
That had I had a beard, you may suppose,
They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."—FARMER.

"*Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

This passage shows that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined.—MASON.

"*A master of fence.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

Fencing was taught as a regular science. Three degrees were usually taken in this art, a *master's*, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pipe, rapier and target, rapier and cloak, two-swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard-sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were, commonly, theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators; as Ely-place, in Holborn; the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate-hill; Hampton-court, the Artillery-garden, &c.—STEEVENS.

"*Sackerson.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Sackerson or *Sacarson* was the name of a bear, exhibited in our author's time, at Paris Garden. See an old book of Epigrams, by Sir John Davies:

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw;
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson."—MALONE.

"She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation."

Act I. Sc. 3.

Anciently, the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. It seems to have been considered a mark of kindness when a lady *carved* to a gentleman. So in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. I did nothing to displease him; I *carved to him* at supper-time."—STEEVENS and BOSWELL.

*"—for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor."*—Act I. Sc. 3.

Gourds were, probably, dice in which a secret cavity had been made; *Fullams* (so called because chiefly made at *Fulham*) those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. *High men and low men*, which are also cant terms, explain themselves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve inclusive; *low*, from aces to four.

MALONE.

"Flemish drunkard."—Act II. Sc. 1.

It is not without cause that this reproachful phrase is used. Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses*, 4to., 1590, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries, "by some of our such men of warre within these verie few years: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very few feastes where our said men of warre are present, but they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowsing and quaffing; and because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with manie new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the healthe and prosperitie of princes; to the healthe of counsellors, and unto the healthe of their greatest friends, both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the Flemings say, *doot drenken*." He adds, "and this aforesaid detestable vice hath, within these six or seven years, taken wonderful roote amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations in Christendome one of the soberest."—REED.

"My long sword."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the *rapier*. Shakspeare commits a great anachronism in making Shallow talk of the *rapier* in Henry IV.'s reign, a hundred and seventy years before it was used in England.—JOHNSON.

"When Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan."—Act II. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship, and frequently ornamented with precious stones. Mention is made in the Sydney Papers, of a *fan* presented to Queen Elizabeth, for a new year's gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. It was not uncommon among the foppish young noblemen of that age, to carry fans of this splendid description; a singular piece of effeminacy for that early period.

STEEVENS, &c.

“*Red lattice phrases.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external decorations of an ale-house. Hence the present *chequers*. In one of Shackerley Marmion's plays we read, “a waterman's widow at the signe of the *Red Lattice* in Southwark.” It is a curious circumstance, that the sign of the *Chequers* was common among the Romans. It was found in several of the streets excavated at Pompeii.—STEEVENS.

“*Amaimon—Barbason.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

Reginald Scott informs us, that “the demon *Amaimon*, was king of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle.” Randle Holme, however, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, tells us that, “*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north side of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a *Sagittarius*, and hath thirty legions under him.”

STEEVENS.

“*That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*”—Act III. Sc. 3.

The extravagance of female dress is here satirized. We shall give an extract or two on this subject from contemporary authors:—

“Their heads, with their *top and top-gallant* curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver. Their breasts they embushe up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to show at their hands there is fruit to be hoped.” Nashe's *Christ's Teares*, 1594. — “Oh, what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and her top-gallants, with her upper decks and nether decks, and so bedeckt, with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he who made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her with her plumes, her fans, and her silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell (*I thinke*) which way the wind will blow. It is proverbially said, that far-fetcht and dear-bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what everie one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have breade from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare anything, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French.” The *Merchant Royall*, a sermon preached at White-hall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of Lord Hay and his lady, Twelfth-day, 1607.

REED.

“*And smell like Bucklersbury, in simple time.*”—Act III. Sc. 3.

Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.—STEEVENS.

“*Let the sky rain potatoes; hail kissing comforts, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation.*”—Act V. Sc. 5.

Potatoes, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives; *kissing-comforts* were sugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath sweet. *Eringoes*, like potatoes, were esteemed to be stimulatives. But Shakspeare, probably, had the following artificial tempest in his thoughts, when he wrote the above passage. Holinshed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, was performed “a verie statelie tragedie, named *Dido*, wherein the

queen's banquet (with *Æneas's* description of the destruction of *Troie*) was lively described in a marchpane patterns; *the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snow an artificial kind of snow, all strange, marvellous, and abundant.*"—STEEVENS.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

"*Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

When the practice of castration was adopted first, solely to improve the voice, is uncertain. The first regular opera was performed at Florence, in 1600. Till about 1653, musical dramas were only occasionally performed in the palaces of princes, and consequently before that period eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel was in 1600. So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by Marston, in the *Malcontent*, as excelling in singing. "Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies."—MALONE.

"*Like a parish top.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work.—STEEVENS.

"*Mistress Mall's picture.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

The real name of the woman here alluded to was Mary Frith. The title she was commonly known by was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August, 1610, is entered, "A Booke called the Madde Pranks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walkes in Men's Apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a play called the *Roaring Girl*, of which she is the heroine, and the frontispiece of this drama, published in 1611, contains a full-length portrait of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. There is a MS. in the British Museum, in which an account is given of Mall's doing penance at St. Paul's Cross. Her extravagant conduct and shameless vices seem to have rendered her infamously public.

"*A most weak pia-mater.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

The *pia-mater* is the membrane which immediately covers the substance of the brain.—STEEVENS.

"*Stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door as an indication of his office, the original of which was, that the king's proclamations and other public acts might be affixed thereto.

WARBURTON.

"*Did you never see the picture of we three?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

An allusion to an old print frequently pasted on country ale-house walls, representing two, but under which the spectator reads, "*We three are asses.*"—MALONE.

"*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

It was the custom on saint's days and holidays, to make *cakes* in honour of the day. The Puritans thought this a superstition, and Maria says, that "Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan."—LEATHERLAND.

—"Rub your chain with crumbs."—Act II. Sc. 3.

Stewards in great families were formerly distinguished by wearing a *gold chain*. The usual mode of cleaning this ornament was by rubbing it with bread crumbs. See Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623. "Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scouer his *gold chain*." STEEVENS.

"*Having come from a day-bed*."—Act II. Sc. 5.

It was usual in Shakspeare's time, for the rich to have *day-beds* or *couches*. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:—

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight."

STEEVENS.

"*Wind up my watch*."—Act II. Sc. 5.

Pocket watches were first brought from Germany about the year 1560, so that in Shakspeare's time they were very uncommon. When *Guy Faux* was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion, that a watch was found upon him.—JOHNSON.

"*Yellow stockings*."—Act II. Sc. 5.

Before the civil wars, *yellow stockings* were much worn. We quote two passages to prove this:—

"—since she cannot
Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shows
Her love to't, and makes him weare yellow hose."

THE WORLD TOSSED AT TENNIS.

And in the *Honest Whore*, by Decker: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them."

STEEVENS.

"*Clown with a tabor*."—Act III. Sc. 1.

Tarleton, the celebrated fool or clown of the stage before Shakspeare's time, is exhibited in a print prefixed to his jests, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps, in imitation of him, the subsequent dramatic clowns usually appeared with one.—MALONE.

"*If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss*."

Act III. Sc. 2.

Alluding to a passage in the speech of the attorney-general Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. "All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor."—THEOBALD.

"*He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies*."—Act III. Sc. 3.

A clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1596. This map is multi-

lineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.—STEEVENS.

"*Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?*"

Act III. Sc. 4.

This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Rice, in *Faults*, and *Nothing but Faults*, 1606.—"And these *Flowers of Courtesie*, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formal in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences as do betray and lay open their masters' ignorance; and they are *so frequent with the kisse on the hand*, that word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes."—REED.

"*He is a knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret, dubbed on the field of battle, but *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling; not in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term, *a carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.—JOHNSON.

"*Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

In the time of Shakspeare, *trunks*, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, were part of the furniture in apartments where company was received. They were richly ornamented on the top and sides with scroll work and emblematical devices, and were elevated on feet.—STEEVENS.

"*Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life: Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to the cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, as soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of the voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with the right hand plunged his sword into her breast. This story is taken from Heliodorus's *Æthiopics*, of which a translation by Thomas Underdowne appeared in 1587.—THEOBALD.

"*After a passy measure, or a pavin.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

The *pavan*, from *pavo*, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was by gentlemen dressed with cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof, in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"*Some run from brakes of vice.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

The *brake* was an engine of torture; we find the following passage in Holinshed:—"The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called in derision the duke of Exeter's daughter;" that nobleman having invented it. A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower. It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it; the middle one of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c., to begin confession.—STEEVENS.

"*Greatest thing about you.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

Harrison, in his description of Britain, condemns the excess of apparel among his countrymen, and thus proceeds:—"Neither can we be more justly burdened with any reproche than inordinate behaviour in apparell, for which most nations deride us; as also for *that we men doe seem to bestowe most cost upon our arses*, and much more than upon all the rest of our bodies, as women do likewise upon their heades and shoulders." Wide breeches were extremely fashionable in Shakspeare's days, as we may learn from this stanza in an old ballad:

As now, of late, in lesser thinges,
To furnyshe forthe theare pryde;
With woole, with flaxe, with hare also,
To make theare bryches wide." DOUCE.

"—*merely, thou art death's fool;*
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still."—Act III. Sc. 1.

In the old Moralities, the *fool* of the piece, in order to show the inevitable approaches of *death*, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws.—WARBURTON.

"*And his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their wants by a *wooden dish* with a moveable cover, which they *clacked*, to show that their vessels were empty.—STEEVENS.

"*And tie the beard.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Revisal recommends Simpson's emendation, *die* the beard, but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to tie up the beard before decollation. It should, however, be remembered, that it was usual to *die* beards. So in the old comedy of Ram Alley, 1611:

"What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
A black man's, I think.
I think, a red; for that is most in fashion."

And in the Silent Woman: "I have fitted my divine and canonist, dyed their beards and all."—STEEVENS.

"*You know the course is common.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

P. Mathieu, in his *Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourthe of France*, says, that Ravaillac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head and shook a spark of fire from his *beard*. "This unprofitable care (he adds) to save it, being noted, afforded mater to divers to praise the *custome in Germany, Switzerland*, and divers other places, to *shave off*, and then to burn, *all the haire* from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes."—REED.

"*First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

An allusion is here made to the abominable practices of money-lenders in our poet's age, of which an account is given by Nashe in a pamphlet called *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594. "He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dancing-houses dayly, where when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines, bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come againe the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world goes hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pound *per consequence, in silks and velvets*. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities*; the fourth time, *lute-strings and grey paper*."—MALONE.

"*Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by collistrigium, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present, which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin and the back of his head.

HENLEY.

"*Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

Barber's shops were at all times the resort of idle people: formerly with us the better sort of folks went to the barber's to be trimmed, who then practised the under parts of surgery, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle persons, with whom his shop was crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this sort; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority.—WARBURTON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"*At the bird-bolt.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading at the extremity so much as to leave a flat surface about the breadth of a shilling.—STEVENS.

"And he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Why should he be called *Adam*? A quotation or two may explain: In *Law Tricks*, or, *Who Would Have Thought It?* we find this speech: "*Adam Bell*, a substantial outlaw, and a *passing good archer*, yet no tobacconist." *Adam Bell*, Clyme of the Cloughe, and Wylyyam of Cloudeale, were, says Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whose skill in *archery* rendered them as famous in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

STEEVENS and THEOBALD.

"If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat."—Act I. Sc. 1.

In some counties of England, a *cat* was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in a *wooden bottle*, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion.—STEEVENS.

"Smoking a musty room."—Act I. Sc. 3.

The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Pickering's steward, relative to Suffolk Place, before Elizabeth's visits to it in 1594, the fifteenth article is, "The *swetynynge of the house* in all places by any meanes." Again, in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholie*, 1632: "The *smoake of juniper* is in great request with us at Oxford, to *sweeten our chambers*."—STEEVENS.

"Hundred merry tales."—Act II. Sc. I.

In the London Chaunticlères, 1659, this work, among others, is cried for sale by a ballad man: "The Seven Wise Men of Gotham; a *Hundred Merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jests, &c." Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company.—STEEVENS.

"Carving the fashion of a new doublet."—Act II. Sc. 3.

"We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman, that is painted naked, with a paire of sheares in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut."—GREENE'S FAREWELL TO FOLLY, 1617.

"Her hair shall be of what colour it please God."—Act II. Sc. 3.

The practice of *dying the hair* was so common a fashion in Elizabeth's reign, as to be thought a fit subject of animadversion from the pulpit. In a homily against gaudy apparel, 1547, the preacher breaks out into the following invective:—"Who can *paynt her face*, and curle her *heere*, and *change it into an unnatural colour*, but therein doth work reprofe to her Maker, who made her? as though she could make herselfe more comelye than God hath appointed the measure of her beautie. What do these women, but go about to reforme that which God hath made? not knowinge that all things naturall is the worke of God; and thynges disguised and unnaturall be the workes of the devyll."—REED.

"Press me to death."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *peine-fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by a heavy weight laid on the stomach.—MALONE.

"Or in the shape of two countries at once."—Act III. Sc. 2.

"For an Englishman's suit is like a traitor's bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places; his cod-piece is in Denmarke, the collar of his dublet and the belly in France, the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy, the short waste hangs o'er a Dutch botcher's stall in Utrich, his huge sloppes speaks Spanish; Polonia gives him the booties; and thus we mocke eurie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from eurie one of them, to peece out our pride, and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.

SEVEN DEADLIE SINNES OF LONDON, 1606.

"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."—Act III. Sc. 3.

A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*."—JOHNSON.

"Side-sleeves."—Act III. Sc. 4.

"This time was used exceeding pride in garments, gowns with deepe and broad sleeves, commonly called poke sleeves; the servants ware them as well as their masters, which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they stole they hid in their sleeves, whereof some hung downe to the feete, and at least to the knees, full of cuts and jagges, whereupon were made these verses (by Tho. Hoccleve):"—

"Now hath this lande little neede of broomes,
To sweepe away the filthe out of the streete;
Sen side-sleeves of penneless gromes
Wile it up licke be it drie or weete."

STOW'S CHRONICLE.

"He wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it."

Act V. Sc. 1.

In Shakspeare's age, fashionable persons of the male sex wore earrings; there was also a silly custom of wearing a single *lock* of hair preposterously long, which was called a *love-lock*. Fynes Moryson, in his account of Lord Montjoy's dress, says, "That his haire was thinne on the heade, where he wore it short, *except a locke under his left ear*, which he nourished the time of the warre, and being woven up, hid it in his necke under his ruffe." When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion. The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Vandyke, exhibits this *lock*, with a large knotted ribband at the end of it: it hangs under the ear on the left side, and reaches as low as where the star is now worn by knights of the garter.

MALONE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"Your eyes are lode-stars."—Act I. Sc. 1.

This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding-star*, that is, the *pole-star*. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor.—JOHNSON.

"*Gawds.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

In the north, a *gawd* is a child's plaything, and a baby-house is called a *gawdy-house*.

"*Or to her death; according to our law.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children.

"*Robin Goodfellow.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

"Your grandame's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; this white bread and bread and milk was his standing-fee."

DISCOVERIE OF WITCHCRAFT, 1584.

"*Puck.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

In the Fairy Mythology, *Puck*, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, sends Puck to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. In Drayton's *Nymphidia*, we find a close resemblance to much of the fairy machinery employed by Shakspeare in this play.—JOHNSON.

"*In maiden meditation fancy free.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Thus in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, written by Churchyard, Chastity deprives Cupid of his bow, and presents it to her majesty:—"and bycause that the queene had chosen the best life, she gave the queene Cupid's bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased; since none could wound her highnesse hart, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what she pleased."—STEEVENS.

"*God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*"

Act III. Sc. 1.

There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court, in 1594.—Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen were at dinner, a triumphal chariot, with several allegorical personages on it, was drawne in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room."—A true Account of the most triumphal and royal Accomplishment of the Baptism of the most excellent right high, and mighty Prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized, the 30th of August, 1594. 8vo. 1603.—MALONE.

"*Of hind'ring knot-grass made.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the Knight of the Burning Pestle:—"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*; he would never grow after it."—STEEVENS.

"*Thou painted may-pole.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

So in Stubbe's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583:—"But their chiefest iewell thei bryng from thence is their *Maie-pole*, whiche thei bryng home with

great veneration, as thus:—Thei have twentie or fourtie yokes of oxen everie oxe hauyng a sweete nosegaie of flowers placed on the tippes of his hornes; and these oxen drawe home this *Maie-pole* (this stinckynge idol rather), whiche is couered all ouer with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with strynges, from the top to the bottome, *and some tyme painted with variable colours.*—STEEVENS.

“*Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.*”

Act III. Sc. 2.

In heraldry, every branch of a family is called a house, and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly due *but to one*.—MASON.

“*The rite of May.*”—Act. IV. Sc. 1.

The *rite* of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on May-day. The following is the title-page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard:—

“Come bring in Maye with me,
My Maye is fresh and greene;
A subject's haste, an humble mind
To serue a mayden queene.”

“A Discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders. Imprinted at London, in Flete-street, by William Griffith, Anno Domini, 1570. *The first of Maye.*”—STEEVENS.

“*The tongs.*”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

The old rustic music of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction:—“*Musicke tongs, Rurall Musicke.*”—STEEVENS.

“*Dian's bud, o'er Cupid's flower.*”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Dian's bud is the *bud* of the *agnus castus*, or *chaste tree*. Thus in Macer's Herball, “The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll keepe man and woman *chaste*. *Cupid's flower* is the *viola tricolor*, or *love in idleness.*”—STEEVENS.

“*Good strings to your beards.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

As no false beard could be worn without a ligature to fasten it on, Bottom's caution must mean more than the mere security of his comrade's beards. The *good strings* he recommends, were probably ornamental, and employed to give an air of novelty to the countenance of the performers. Thus, in *Measure for Measure* (where the *natural beard* is spoken of), the duke, intent on disfiguring the head of Ragozine, says, “O, death's a great *disguiser*; and you may *add to it*. Shave the head, and *tie the beard.*”—STEEVENS.

“*To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

We learn from articles ordained by Henry VIII. for the regulation of his household, that the ceremony of *blessing the bridal-bed* was thus observed at the marriage of a princess: “All men at her coming in to bee

voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd*; and the man both, he sitting in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the bishoppe, with the chaplaines, to come in and *bless the bedd*; then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates if they liste, privilie." A similar ceremony was performed at all marriages in that age.—STEEVENS.

"*Hare-lip*."—Act V. Sc. 2.

This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest:—"If a woman with chyldre have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c., the same chyldre that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare-lippe*." Thomas Lupton's Fourth Book of Notable Things.

STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"*The dancing horse*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A horse taught by one Bankes, to play many singular tricks. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his History of the World, says:—"If Bankes had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous amongst them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And Sir Kenelm Digby observes, "That this horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said, that he went up to the top of St. Paul's. His end and his master's was tragical: Travelling in France, Bankes excited the anger of the priests, and only escaped its effects in the manner following:—"Bankes came into suspition of magicke, because of the strange feates which his horse Morocco plaied at Orleans; where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a devill. To this end, he commanded his horse to seeke out one in the preasse of the people who had a crucifix in his hat; which done, he bade him kneele down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up againe, and kisse it. And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I thinke my horse hath acquitted both me and himselfe; and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse." In Italy, however, they were less fortunate, since at Rome, to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt, by order of the pope, for magicians.

"*The hobby-horse is forgot*."—Act III. Sc. 1.

In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up, representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisions multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism, and Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse*, were turned out of the games.—THEOBALD.

"*A woman that is like a German clock.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

In a book called *The Artificial Clockmaker*, 1714, we find the following remarks: "Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there." Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century, and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work. The mechanism of these clocks was extremely complicated, and consequently they frequently wanted repairing.

STEEVENS.

"—*where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in.*"

Act IV. Sc. 1.

How familiar the amusement of *deer-shooting* once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewick, Aug. 14, 1555. "I besiche yor lordeshipp to tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to command the same even as yor lordshippes owne. *My ladye may shote with her cross bowe,*" &c.—STEEVENS.

"*Here, good my glass.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a common conversation, it must be remembered, that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a *looking glass*, as Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair.—JOHNSON.

"*But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head,
— 't was a pricket.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, we find the following account of the different appellations of *deer*, at their different ages:—"I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is, the *first year*, a *fawn*; the *second year*, a *pricket*; the *third year*, a *sorrell*; the *fourth year*, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head*; the *sixth year*, a *complete buck*. Likewise your *hart* is, the *first year*, a *calf*; the *second year*, a *brochet*; the *third year*, a *spade*; the *fourth year*, a *stag*; the *sixth year*, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is, the *first year*, a *kid*; the *second year*, a *gird*; the *third year*, a *hemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase."—STEEVENS.

"*He comes in like a perjure.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Perjury was punished by affixing a paper to the breast, expressing the crime. Holinshed says of Wolsey, "He so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was less used." Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*:—"The gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were set down to Ludlow, there to wear *papers of perjury.*"—STEEVENS.

"*Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

A *mask of Muscovites* was no uncommon recreation at court, long before Shakspeare's time. In the first year of King Henry VIII. at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber at

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"*How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of James the First's reign, by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his *majesty's old clothes*; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment.—T. WARTON.

"*Mill-sixpences.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

It appears from a passage in Sir William D'Avenant's *News from Plimouth*, that these *mill-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money:

"—— a few mill'd sixpences, with which
My purser casts accompt."—STEEVENS.

"*Edward shovel-boards.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

"*Edward shovel-boards*" were the broad shillings of Edward VI. Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Travel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:

"—— the unthrift every day
With my face downwards do at shoave-board play;
That had I had a board, you may suppose,
They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."—FARMER.

"*Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

This passage shows that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined.—MASON.

"*A master of fence.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

Fencing was taught as a regular science. Three degrees were usually taken in this art, a *master's*, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pipe, rapier and target, rapier and cloak, two-swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard-sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were, commonly, theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators; as Ely-place, in Holborn; the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate-hill; Hampton-court, the Artillery-garden, &c.—STEEVENS.

"*Sackerson.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Sackerson or *Sacarson* was the name of a bear, exhibited in our author's time, at Paris Garden. See an old book of Epigrams, by Sir John Davies:

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw;
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson."—MALONE.

"*She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation.*"

Act I. Sc. 3.

Anciently, the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. It seems to have been considered a mark of kindness when a lady *carved* to a gentleman. So in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. I did nothing to displease him; I *carved* to him at supper-time."—STEEVENS and BOSWELL.

"—*for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

Gourds were, probably, dice in which a secret cavity had been made; *Fullams* (so called because chiefly made at *Fulham*) those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. *High men* and *low men*, which are also cant terms, explain themselves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve inclusive; *low*, from aces to four.

MALONE

"*Flemish drunkard.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

It is not without cause that this reproachful phrase is used. Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses*, 4to., 1590, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries, "by some of our such men of warre within these verie few years: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very few feastes whereon said men of warre are present, but they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowsing and quaffing and because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the healthe and prosperitie of princes; to the healthe of counsellors, and unto the healthe of their greatest friends, both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the Flemings say, *doe dronken.*" He adds, "and this aforesaid detestable vice hath, within these six or seven years, taken wonderful roote amongst our Englist nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations in Christendome one of the soberest."—REED.

"*My long sword.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the *rapier*. Shakspeare commits a great anachronism in making Shallow talk of the *rapier* in Henry IV.'s reign, a hundred and seventy years before it was used in England.—JOHNSON.

"*When Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship, and frequently ornamented with precious stones. Mention is made in the Sydney Papers, of a *fan* presented to Queen Elizabeth, for a new year's gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. It was not uncommon among the foppish young noblemen of that age, to carry fans of this splendid description; a singular piece of effeminacy for that early period.

STEEVENS, &c.

"Red lattice phrases."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house. Hence the present *chequers*. In one of Shackerley Marmion's plays we read, "a waterman's widow at the signe of the *Red Lattice* in Southwark." It is a curious circumstance, that the sign of the *Chequers* was common among the Romans. It was found in several of the streets excavated at Pompeii.—STEEVENS.

"Amaimon—Barbason."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Reginald Scott informs us, that "the demon *Amaimon*, was king of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." Randle Holme, however, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, tells us that, "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north side of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and hath thirty legions under him."

STEEVENS.

"That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance."—Act III. Sc. 3.

The extravagance of female dress is here satirized. We shall give an extract or two on this subject from contemporary authors:—

"Their heads, with their *top and top-gallant* curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver. Their breasts they embushe up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to show at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." Nashe's *Christ's Teares*, 1594. — "Oh, what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and her top-gallants, with her upper decks and nether decks, and so bedeckt, with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he who made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her with her plumes, her fans, and her silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell (I thinke) which way the wind will blow. It is proverbially said, that far-fetcht and dear-bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what everie one eateth is meate for dogs; and wee must have breade from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare anything, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." The *Merchant Royall*, a sermon preached at White-hall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of Lord Hay and his lady, Twelfth-day, 1607.

REED.

"And smell like Bucklersbury, in simple time."—Act III. Sc. 3.

Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of *herbs, green as well as dry*.—STEEVENS.

"Let the sky rain potatoes; hail kissing comforts, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation."—Act V. Sc. 5.

Potatoes, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong *provocatives*; *kissing-comforts* were sugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath sweet. *Eringoes*, like potatoes, were esteemed to be *stimulatives*. But Shakspeare, probably, had the following *artificial tempest* in his thoughts, when he wrote the above passage. Holinshed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, was performed "a verie statelie tragedie, named *Dido*, wherein the

queen's banquet (with *Æneas's* description of the destruction of *Troie* was lively described in a marchpane pattern; *the tempest wherein i hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snow an artificial kind of snow, all strange, marvellous, and abundant.*"—STEEVENS.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

"*Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

When the practice of castration was adopted first, solely to improve the voice, is uncertain. The first regular opera was performed at Florence, in 1600. Till about 1653, musical dramas were only occasionally performed in the palaces of princes, and consequently before that period eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel was in 1600. So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by Marston, in the *Malcontent*, as excelling in singing. "Yes I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies."—MALONE.

"*Like a parish top.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frost weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work.—STEEVENS.

"*Mistress Mall's picture.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

The real name of the woman here alluded to was Mary Frith. The title she was commonly known by was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered, "A Booke called the Madde Francks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walkes in Men's Apparel, and to what purpose Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a play called the *Roaring Girl*, of which she is the heroine, and the frontispiece of this drama, published in 1611, contains a full-length portrait of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. There is a MS. in the British Museum, in which an account is given of Mall's doing penance at St. Paul's Cross. Her extravagant conduct and shameless vices seem to have rendered her infamously public.

"*A most weak pia-mater.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

The *pia-mater* is the membrane which immediately covers the substance of the brain.—STEEVENS.

"*Stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door as an indication of his office, the original of which was, that the king's proclamations and other public acts might be affixed thereto.

WARBURTON

"*Did you never see the picture of we three?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

An allusion to an old print frequently pasted on country ale-house walls, representing *two*, but under which the spectator reads, "*We three are asses.*"—MALONE.

"*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

It was the custom on saint's days and holidays, to make *cakes* in honour of the day. The Puritans thought this a superstition, and Maria says, that "*Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan.*"—LEATHERLAND.

—" *Rub your chain with crumbs.*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

Stewards in great families were formerly distinguished by wearing a *gold chain*. The usual mode of cleaning this ornament was by rubbing it with bread crumbs. See Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623. "*Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scouer his gold chain.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Having come from a day-bed.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

It was usual in Shakspeare's time, for the rich to have day-beds or couches. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:—

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight."

STEEVENS.

"*Wind up my watch.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

Pocket watches were first brought from Germany about the year 1560, so that in Shakspeare's time they were very uncommon. When *Guy Raux* was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion, that a watch was found upon him.—JOHNSON.

"*Yellow stockings.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

Before the civil wars, *yellow stockings* were much worn. We quote two passages to prove this:—

"—since she cannot
Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shows
Her love to 't, and makes him weare yellow hose."

THE WORLD TORS'D AT TENNES.

And in the *Honest Whore*, by Decker: "*What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow, change them.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Clown with a tabor.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

Tarleton, the celebrated fool or clown of the stage before Shakspeare's time, is exhibited in a print prefixed to his jests, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps, in imitation of him, the subsequent dramatic clowns usually appeared with one.—MALONE.

"*If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.*"

Act III. Sc. 2.

Alluding to a passage in the speech of the attorney-general Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. "*All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor.*"—THEOBALD.

"*He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

A clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1596. This map is multi-

lineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.—STEEVENS.

“*Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?*”

Act III. Sc.

This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Rudge, in *Faul and Nothing but Faults*, 1806.—“And these *Flowers of Courtesie*, they are full of affectation, so are they no less formal in their speech full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences as do betwix and lay open their masters’ ignorance; and they are so frequent with *kisses on the hand*, that word shall not pass their mouths, till they have clapt their fingers over their lipses.”—REED.

“*He is a knight, dubb’d with unhatch’d rapier, and on carpet consideration.*”—Act III. Sc. 4.

That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret, dubb’d on the field of battle, but *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term, *a carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by men of war.—JOHNSON.

“*Are empty trunks, o’erflourished by the devil.*”—Act III. Sc. 4.

In the time of Shakspeare, *trunks*, which are now deposited in hber-rooms, were part of the furniture in apartments where company was received. They were richly ornamented on the top and sides with scrolwork and emblematical devices, and were elevated on feet.—STEEVENS.

“*Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?*”—Act V. Sc. 1.

This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis’s party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he locked her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, “when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear,” and desired for companions in the next life: Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with jealousy, and anger, went to the cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, as soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave’s mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of the voice, caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with the right hand plunged his sword into her breast. This story is taken from Heliodorus’s *Æthiopics*, of which a translation by Thomas Underdowne appeared in 1587.—THEOBALD.

“*After a passy measure, or a pavin.*”—Act V. Sc. 1.

The *pavan*, from *pavo*, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was by gentlemen dressed with cap and sword, those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof, in the dance, resembled that of a peacock’s tail.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"*Some run from brakes of vice.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

The *brake* was an engine of torture; we find the following passage in Holinshed:—"The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called in derision the duke of Exeter's daughter;" that nobleman having invented it. A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower. It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it; the middle one of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c., to begin confession.—STEEVENS.

"*Greatest thing about you.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

Harrison, in his description of Britain, condemns the excess of apparel among his countrymen, and thus proceeds:—"Neither can we be more justly burdened with any reproche than inordinate behaviour in apparell, for which most nations deride us; as also for *that we men doe seem to bestowe most cost upon our arses*, and much more than upon all the rest of our bodies, as women do likewise upon their heades and shoulders." Wide breeches were extremely fashionable in Shakspeare's days, as we may learn from this stanza in an old ballad:

As now, of late, in lesser thinges,
To furnyshe forthe theare pryde;
With woole, with flaxe, with hare also,
To make theare bryches wide." DOUCE.

"—*merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labourest by thy flight to skun,
And yet run'st toward him still.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

In the old Moralities, the *fool* of the piece, in order to show the inevitable approaches of *death*, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws.—WARBURTON.

"*And his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their wants by a *wooden dish* with a moveable cover, which they *clacked*, to show that their vessels were empty.—STEEVENS.

"*And tie the beard.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Revisal recommends Simpson's emendation, *die* the beard, but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to tie up the beard before decollation. It should, however, be remembered, that it was usual to *die* beards. So in the old comedy of Ram Alley, 1611:

"What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
A black man's, I think.
I think, a red; for that is most in fashion."

And in the *Silent Woman*: "I have fitted my divine and canonist, dyed their beards and all."—STEEVENS.

"*You know the course is common.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

P. Mathieu, in his *Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth of France*, says, that Ravaillac, in the midst of his torture, lifted up his head and shook a spark of fire from his beard. "This profitable care (he adds) to save it, being noted, afforded matter to divert to praise the *custome in Germany, Switzerland, and divers other places to shave off*, and then to burn, *all the haire from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes.*"—REED.

"*First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds.*"—Act IV. Sc.

An allusion is here made to the abominable practices of money-lending in our poet's age, of which an account is given by Nashe in a pamphlet called *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594. "He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dancing-houses day where when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains, bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *at the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come againe the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to whether they shall have money or no. The world goes hard, and we are mortal; let him make any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pound *per consequence, in silks and velvets*. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities*; the fourth time, *lute-strings and grey paper.*"—MALONE.

"*Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour.*"—Act V. Sc.

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by contrition, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present, which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin and the back of his head.

HERN.

"*Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

Barber's shops were at all times the resort of idle people: formerly with us the better sort of folks went to the barber's to be trimmed, and then practised the under parts of surgery, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle persons, with whom his shop was crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this sort; which is not likely would long preserve its authority.—WARBURTON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"*At the bird-bolt.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading the extremity so much as to leave a flat surface about the breadth of a shilling.—STEEVENS.

"And he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Why should he be called *Adam*? A quotation or two may explain: In *Law Tricks*, or, *Who Would Have Thought It?* we find this speech: "*Adam Bell*, a substantial outlaw, and a *passing good archer*, yet no *tobacconist*." *Adam Bell*, Clyme of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam of Cloudele, were, says Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whose skill in *archery* rendered them as famous in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

STEEVENS and THEOBALD.

"If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat."—Act I. Sc. 1.

In some counties of England, a *cat* was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in a *wooden bottle*, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion.—STEEVENS.

"Smoking a musty room."—Act I. Sc. 3.

The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Pickering's steward, relative to Suffolk Place, before Elizabeth's visits to it in 1594, the fifteenth article is, "The *swetynynge of the house* in all places by any meanes." Again, in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholie*, 1632: "The *smoake of juniper* is in great request with us at Oxford, to *sweeten our chambers*."—STEEVENS.

"Hundred merry tales."—Act II. Sc. I.

In the *London Chaunticlères*, 1659, this work, among others, is cried for sale by a ballad man: "The Seven Wise Men of Gotham; a *Hundred Merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jests, &c." Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company.—STEEVENS.

"Carving the fashion of a new doublet."—Act II. Sc. 3.

"We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman, that is painted naked, with a paire of sheares in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut."—GREENE'S *FAREWELL TO FOLLY*, 1617.

"Her hair shall be of what colour it please God."—Act II. Sc. 3.

The practice of *dying* the hair was so common a fashion in Elizabeth's reign, as to be thought a fit subject of animadversion from the pulpit. In a homily against gaudy apparel, 1547, the preacher breaks out into the following invective:—"Who can *paynt her face*, and curle her *heere*, and change it into an *unnatural colour*, but therein doth work reprofe to her Maker, who made her? as though she could make herselfe more comelye than God hath appointed the measure of her beautie. What do these women, but go about to reforme that which God hath made? not knowinge that all things naturall is the worke of God; and thynges disguised and unnaturall be the workes of the devyll."—REED.

"Press me to death."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *peine-fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by a heavy weight laid on the stomach.—MALONE.

"Or in the shape of two countries at once."—Act III. Sc. 2.

"For an Englishman's suit is like a traitor's bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places; his cod-piece is in Denmarke, the collar of his dublet and the belly in France, the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy, the short waste hangs o'er a Dutch botcher's stall in Utrich, his huge sloppes speaks Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes; and thus we mocke eurie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from eurie one of them, to peece out our pride, and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.

SEVEN DEADLIE SINNES OF LONDON, 1606.

"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."—Act III. Sc. 3.

A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*."—JOHNSON.

"Side-sleeves."—Act III. Sc. 4.

"This time was used exceeding pride in garments, gowns with deepe and broad sleeves, commonly called poke sleeves; the servants ware them as well as their masters, which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they stole they hid in their sleeves, whereof some hung downe to the feete, and at least to the knees, full of cuts and jagges, whereupon were made these verses (by Tho. Hoccleve):"—

"Now hath this lande little neede of broomes,
To sweepe away the filthe out of the streete;
Sen side-sleeves of penneless gromes
Wile it up licke be it drie or weete."

STOW'S CHRONICLE

"He wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it."

Act V. Sc. 1.

In Shakspeare's age, fashionable persons of the male sex wore ear-rings; there was also a silly custom of wearing a single *lock* of hair posterously long, which was called a *love-lock*. Fynes Moryson, in his account of Lord Montjoy's dress, says, "That his haire was thinnne on the heade, where he wore it short, *except a locke under his left ear*, which he nourished the time of the warre, and being woven up, hid it in his necke under his ruffe." When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion. The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Vandyke, exhibits this *lock*, with a large knotted rib-band at the end of it: it hangs under the ear on the left side, and reaches as low as where the star is now worn by knights of the garter.

MALONE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"Your eyes are lode-stars."—Act I. Sc. 1.

This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding-star*, that is, the *pole-star*. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor.—JOHNSON.

"*Gawds.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

In the north, a *gawd* is a child's plaything, and a baby-house is called a *gawdy-house*.

"*Or to her death; according to our law.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children.

"*Robin Goodfellow.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

"Your grandame's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; this white bread and bread and milk was his standing-fee."

DISCOVERIE OF WITCHCRAFT, 1584.

"*Puck.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

In the Fairy Mythology, *Puck*, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, sends Puck to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. In Drayton's *Nymphidia*, we find a close resemblance to much of the fairy machinery employed by Shakspeare in this play.—JOHNSON.

"*In maiden meditation fancy free.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Thus in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, written by Churchyard, Chastity deprives Cupid of his bow, and presents it to her majesty:—"and bycause that the queene had chosen the best life, she gave the queene Cupid's bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased; since none could wound her highnesse hart, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what she pleased."—STEEVENS.

"*God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*"

Act III. Sc. 1.

There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court, in 1594.—Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen were at dinner, a triumphal chariot, with several allegorical personages on it, was drawne in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lion*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room."—A true Account of the most triumphal and royal Accomplishment of the Baptism of the most excellent right high, and mighty Prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized, the 30th of August, 1594. 8vo. 1603.—MALONE.

"*Of hind'ring knot-grass made.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the Knight of the Burning Pestle:—"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*; he would never grow after it."—STEEVENS.

"*Thou painted may-pole.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

So in Stubbe's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583:—"But their chiefest iewell thei bryng from thence is their *Maie-pole*, whiche thei bryng home with

great veneration, as thus:—Thei have twentie or fourtie yokes of oxen everie oxe hauyng a sweete nosegaie of flowers placed on the tippes of his hornes; and these oxen drawe home this *Maie-pole* (this stinckynge idol rather), whiche is couered all ouer with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with strynges, from the top to the bottome, *and some tyme painted with variable colours.*—STEEVENS.

“*Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.*”

Act III. Sc. 2.

In heraldry, every branch of a family is called a house, and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly due *but to one*.—MASON.

“*The rite of May.*”—Act. IV. Sc. 1.

The *rite* of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on May-day. The following is the title-page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard:—

“Come bring in Maye with me,
My Maye is fresh and greene;
A subject's haste, an humble mind
To serue a mayden queene.”

“A Discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders. Imprinted at London in Flete-street, by William Griffith, Anno Domini, 1570. *The first of Maye.*”—STEEVENS.

“*The tongs.*”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

The old rustic music of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction:—“*Musicke tongs, Rurall Musicke.*”—STEEVENS.

“*Dian's bud, o'er Cupid's flower.*”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Dian's bud is the *bud* of the *agnus castus*, or *chaste tree*. Thus in Macer's Herball, “The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll keepe man and woman *chaste*. *Cupid's flower* is the *viola tricolor*, or *love in idleness.*”—STEEVENS.

“*Good strings to your beards.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

As no false beard could be worn without a ligature to fasten it on, Bottom's caution must mean more than the mere security of his comrade's beards. The *good strings* he recommends, were probably ornamental, and employed to give an air of novelty to the countenance of the performers. Thus, in *Measure for Measure* (where the *natural beard* is spoken of), the duke, intent on disfiguring the head of Ragozine, says, “O, death's a great *disguiser*; and you may *add to it*. Shave the head, and *tie the beard.*”—STEEVENS.

“*To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

We learn from articles ordained by Henry VIII. for the regulation of his household, that the ceremony of *blessing the bridal-bed* was thus observed at the marriage of a princess: “All men at her coming in to bee

voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd*; and the man both, he sitting in his *bedd* in his shirte, with a *gowne* cast about him. Then the *bishoppe*, with the *chaplaines*, to come in and *bless the bedd*; then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates if they liste, *privilie*." A similar ceremony was performed at all marriages in that age.—STEEVENS.

"*Hare-lip*."—Act V. Sc. 2.

This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest:—"If a woman with chyld have her *smocke slyt* at the neather ende or *skyrte* thereof, &c., the same chyld that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare-lippe*." Thomas Lupton's Fourth Book of Notable Things.

STEEVENS.

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"*The dancing horse*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *horse* taught by one Bankes, to play many singular tricks. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his History of the World, says:—"If Bankes had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous amongst them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And Sir Kenelm Digby observes, "That this horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said, that he went up to the top of St. Paul's. His end and his master's was tragical: Travelling in France, Bankes excited the anger of the priests, and only escaped its effects in the manner following:—"Bankes came into suspition of magicke, because of the strange feates which his horse Morocco plaid at Orleans; where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a devill. To this end, he commanded his horse to seeke out one in the preasse of the people who had a crucifix in his hat; which done, he bade him kneele down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up againe, and kisse it. And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I thinke my horse hath acquitted both me and himselfe; and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse." In Italy, however, they were less fortunate, since at Rome, to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt, by order of the pope, for magicians.

"*The hobby-horse is forgot*."—Act III. Sc. 1.

In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up, representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisions multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism, and Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse*, were turned out of the games.—THEOBALD.

"*A woman that is like a German clock.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

In a book called *The Artificial Clockmaker*, 1714, we find the following remarks: "Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there." Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century, and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work. The mechanism of these clocks was extremely complicated, and consequently they frequently wanted repair.

STEEVENS

"—*where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in.*"

Act IV. Sc.

How familiar the amusement of *deer-shooting* once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewick, Aug. 14, 1555. "I beseech your lordship to take some sport of my little grounds there, and command the same even as your lordship's own. *My lady may shoot with her cross bowe,*" &c.—STEEVENS.

"*Here, good my glass.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in common conversation, it must be remembered, that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a *looking glass*, as Bayly coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirror in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair.—JOHNSON.

"*But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head,  
—'t was a pricket.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, we find the following account of the different appellations of *deer*, at their different ages:—"I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head. No sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrell; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise your hart is, the first year, a calf; the second year, a brochet; the third year, a spad; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roebuck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."—STEEVENS.

"*He comes in like a perjure.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Perjury was punished by affixing a paper to the breast, expressing the crime. Holinshed says of Wolsey, "He so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was less used. Again, in Leicester's Commonwealth:—"The gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were set down to Ludlow, there *wear papers of perjury.*"—STEEVENS.

"*Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

A *mask of Muscovites* was no uncommon recreation at court, long before Shakspeare's time. In the first year of King Henry VIII. at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber

Westminster:—"came the lorde Henry, earle of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin traversed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havynge an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Hall's Henry VIII.—Rrrson.

"*Better wils have worn plain statute-caps.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

*Woollen-caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 15th of Queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of: it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sorts of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen-caps, in behalfe of the trade of cappers; providing that all above the age of six yeares (except the nobility and some others) should, on *sabbath-days* and *holy-days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon penalty of ten groats."—STRYPE'S ANNALS OF ELIZABETH.

"*Lord have mercy on us !*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

This was the inscription put on the doors of houses infected with the plague. So in Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1632:—"Lord have mercy on us may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city pestilence."—JOHNSON.

"*And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.*"

Act V. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare here alludes to the shifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or three parts.

MALONE.

"*Some Dick.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

Out-roaring *Dick* was a celebrated singer, who with William Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his Kind Harts Dreame, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing, at Braintree fair, in Essex.—MALONE.

"*Pageant of the nine worthies.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

Among the Harleian MSS. we find the following:—"The order of a Showe intended to be made, Aug. 1, 1621. First, Two woodmen, &c., St. George fighting with the Dragon. The nine Worthies in complete armor with crounes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be, 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians. After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."—STEEVENS.

"*It was enjoined in Rome for want of linen.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

A Spaniard fell in a duel. As he lay expiring, a friend approached, and offered his services. The dying man made but one request, which was, not to suffer his body to be stript, but to bury him in the habit he had on. The friend promised compliance, the Spaniard expired in peace; but curiosity prevailed over good faith; the body was stript, and found to be *without a shirt*.—WARBURTON.

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*"He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."*

Act I. Sc. 3.

"It is almost incredible what gains the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everie citie the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yere's end the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage, by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts."

THOMAS'S HISTORY OF ITALY, 1561.

*"But let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine."*

Act II. Sc. 1.

Red blood has been considered a proof of courage. Bartholomew Glanville says, "*Reed* clothes ben layd upon deed men, in remembrance of their *hardyness* and *boldness*, whyle they were in theyr blouddes." On which, his commentator, Batman, remarks:—"It appeareth in the time of the Saxons, that the manner over their dead was a *red* cloath, as we now use blacke. The *red* of *valiauncie*, and that was over kings, lords, knights, and valyant souldiours."—DOUCE.

*"Nay more; while grace is saying, hood mine eyes,  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen."*

Act II. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered, that in Shakspeare's time, they wore their *hats* on during the time of dinner.—MALONE.

*"My nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last."*—Act II. Sc. 5.

"*Black Monday* is *Easter Monday*, and was so called on this occasion. In the 34th of Edward III., (1360,) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke Monday*."—STOWE.

*"It was my turquoise."*—Act III. Sc. 1.

A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. It was said of this stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. So Edward Fenton, in his *Secret Wonders of Nature*, 1569, says, "*The Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it."—STEEVENS.

*"Snaky golden locks."*—Act III. Sc. 2.

Periwigs were universally worn in Shakspeare's age. This will be best shown by an extract from an old pamphlet, entitled *The Honestie of this Age*, by Barnabe Riche, 1615.—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed periwigs,

that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman. These attire-makers, within these fortie years, were not knowne by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowsie commodity of peri-wigs, and their monstrous attires, closed in boxes; and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls, such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but withip these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."—MALONE.

"*Like culler's poetry.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in rhyme. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, we have the following allusion to this custom:—"You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not."—REED.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

—"In the forest Arden."—Act I. Sc. 1.

*Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.—MALONE.

"*Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

The *quintain* was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the trophies and shield were all thrown down, the *quintain* remained.—GUTHRIE.

"*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

"There is found in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone*, which they call *borax* or *stelon*: it is most commonly found in the head of a *hee toade*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone."—WONDERS OF NATURE, 1569.

"You shall know whether the *tode stone* be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone."—LUPTON'S NOTABLE THINGS.

"*To the which place a poor sequester'd stag  
Did come to languish—*

—*and the big round tears,  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

The stag is said to possess a very large secretion of tears. "When the hart is arered, he fleeth to a river or ponde, and roreth, cryeth and *weepeth* when he is taken."—"When the hart is sick, and hath eaten many serpents for his recoverie, he is brought into so great a heat that

he hasteth to the water, and there covereth his body unto the very eares and eyes, at which time *distilleth many teares*, from which the bezoar stone is engendered."—BATEMAN and DOUCE.

"*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and, by some metrical charm, was *rhymed to death*. The power of killing rats with rhymes, Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Grey produces a like passage from Randolph:—

"—— my poets  
Shall with a satire, steeped in gall and vinegar,  
Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland." JOHNSON.

"*Garagantua's mouth.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

*Garagantua* is the giant of *Rabelais*.—JOHNSON.

"*But I answer you right painted cloth.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottoes and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them.  
THEOBALD.

"*Then your hose should be ungarter'd.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

Inattention to personal appearances was one of the established symptoms of being in love. So in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I, that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practice *ah me's* every minute? Shall I defy *hat-bands*, and tread *garters* and *shoe-strings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a rufian no longer? I must; I am now Cupid's liegeman, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes."—MALONE.

"*Something browner than Judas's.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

*Judas* was constantly represented in old paintings or tapestry, with *red hair and beard*. So in the *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:—"I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."—STEEVENS.

"—— The common executioner

*Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck.*"—Act III. Sc. 5.

There is reason to believe, that during Elizabeth's reign the punishment of decapitation was occasionally inflicted by an instrument resembling the French guillotine. The Earl of Morton, when condemned as an accomplice in the murder of Darnley, seems to have suffered in this way. The criminal's head and neck being laid on a block, the axe, which was suspended over him, was released from the cord which confined it, by the executioner, and fell with sufficient force to separate the head from the body.

"*I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

An allusion to the Cross in Cheapside; the religious images, with which it was ornamented, being defaced (as we learn from Stow) in

1596:—"There was then set up a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast."—STEEVENS.

"*Good wine needs no bush.*"—Act V. Sc. 4.

It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner: *ivy* was rather used than any other plant, because it has relation to Bacchus. The subjoined passages prove the custom:

"'Tis like the ivy-bush unto a tavern."—Rival Friends, 1632.

"Green ivy-bushes at the vintners' doores."

Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600.

STEEVENS.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"*Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

In France there was formerly a custom of placing a *rush ring* on the lady's finger, when a marriage was finally agreed upon. But in England, *rush rings* were employed to abuse the simplicity of young girls, by deluding them into a state of concubinage with a pretended marriage. Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his Constitutions, 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any of the like matters, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily, and he insinuates, as a reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.

"*Like him that leaped into the custard.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, prepared for the purpose.—THEOBALD.

"*Palmers.*"—Act III. Sc. 5.

Pilgrims that visited holy places, so called from a staff, or bough of *palm*, they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited Jerusalem. "A *pilgrim* and a *palmer* differed thus: A *pilgrim* had some dwelling, the *palmer* none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, not one in particular; the *pilgrim* might bear his own charges, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might relinquish his vocation, the *palmer* must be constant till he won the palm, that is, victory over his ghostly enemies, and life by death."

BLOUNT'S GLOSSOGRAPHY.

"*John Drum's entertainment.*"—Act III. Sc. 6.

Holinshed, in his History of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, a mayor of Dublin, and of his extravagant hospitality, says, that "no guest had ever a cold or forbidding looke from any part of his family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."—THEOBALD.



"*The sheriff's fool*."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

We are not to suppose that this was a *fool*, kept by the sheriff for his diversion. The custody of all *idiots* possessed of land, belonged to the king, who was entitled to their income, but was obliged to provide them necessaries. When the property was large, this prerogative was generally given to some favourite, or other person, who made suit for and had interest enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool*. But where the land was of small value, the *natural* was supported out of the profits, by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures, who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given, with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably, as dogs or cats.—RRRSON.

"*Villainous saffron*."—Act IV. Sc. 5.

This alludes to a fantastic fashion, of using *yellow starch* for bands and ruffs. Yellow starch was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court bawd, and in all respects of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of "*villainous saffron*." This woman was afterwards among the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention; which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion." Starch was used of various colours, and is declaimed against most bitterly by Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*.

"*Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine*."—Act V. Sc. 3.

In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid thenceforth to *multiply* gold, or use any craft of *multiplication*, of which law, Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal.

JOHNSON.

"*Exorcist*."—Act V. Sc. 3.

By an *exorcist*, we now mean one who can *lay* spirits, but in Shakespeare's age, *exorcist* implied a person who could *raise* spirits. The difference between a *conjuror*, a *witch*, and an *inchanter*, is as follows:—"The *conjuror* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerful names, to compell the devill to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *witch* dealeth rather by a friendlie and voluntary conference or agreement between him or her and the devill or familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift unto him; especially of his or her soule. And both these differ from *inchanters* or *sorcerers*, because the former two have personall conference with the devill, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition."—MINSHEU'S DICT. 1617.









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